SELECT HYMNS AND ANTHEMS,

(SOME, FOR

Special Occasions,

Out of the

HYMNS of the Church,

And Approved Authours;

But principally) out of some of the best VERSIONS of the

Book of PSALMS

Into *English* Meetre,

For present Use for a particular Congregation, till something more compleat be ordered by Authority.

LONDON,

Printed for the Authour, 1696.

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THE PREFACE.

THE Singing of Hymns and Anthems to GOD, hath so great Authority both of Heaven and Earth, that none but one fill'd with either the Gygantick Spirit of the Old World, or the Anti-Christian Spirit of this, can oppose the thing it self. But against the Singing of divers portions of the Psalms of David, and the rest, as is commonly done, there may be considerable Objections; because they were adapted to such special Occasions and Circumstances as were much different from those we now have, or are in: and many of them might not be designed for Singing at all, but for Instructions, and the more facile retaining them in Memory. And against the common Version into Meetre, may divers Exceptions be very justly taken: For, though they might have been composed at first by sincere, pious, and well-meaning Men; and while Peoples Devotion was warm, and many Expressions in them not yet out of use with People of better quality, they

might pass without Exception; yet now are many things in them become so obsolete and flat, to say no worse, that they give great Offence to very serious and devout People; besides the exposing of those Sacred and, in their Original, Elegant Composures to the Contempt and Derision of loose and prophane People. Wherefore it was thought fit to select out of some of the best Translations into English Meetre, *some proper portions of the* Psalms *for* Hymns *and* Anthems, *for present Use, for a particular Congregation, till something more compleat be ordered by better Authority than those in Common Use are believed to have.*

Select

SELECT HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

1. *A Preparatory Hymn.*

1 WHen to thy GOD thou ſpeak'ſt, O Creature (mean,
Lift up pure *Hands*, lay down all foul *Deſires*:
Fix *Thoughts* on Heaven; preſent a *Conſcience* clean;
Such Holy Balm to Mercy's Throne aſpires;
Confeſs Fault's Guilt, crave *Pardon* for thy Sin;
Tread Holy Paths, call *Grace* to guide therein.

2 It is the *Spirit*, with Reverence, muſt obey
Our Maker's Will, to practiſe what He taught.
Make not the *Fleſh* thy Counſel when you pray;
'Tis Enemy to every Virtuous Thought:
It is the Foe we daily feed and cloath;
It is the Priſon that the Soul doth loath.

3 Even as *Elias*, mounting to the Sky,
Did caſt his Mantle to the Earth behind;
So when the Heart preſents the Prayer on high,
Exclude the World from Traffick with the Mind.
Lips near to God, and ranging *Heart* within,
Is but vain Babling, and converts to Sin.

4 As *Abraham* aſcending up the Hill
To ſacrifice, his Servants left below,
That he might act the Great Commander's Will
Without reſtraint to his obedient blow;
Even ſo the Soul, remote from Earthly things,
Should mount Salvation's Shelter, Mercy's Wings.
5 Nothing more grateful in the Higheſt Eyes;
Nothing more firm in Danger to protect us;
Nothing more forcible to pierce the Skies,
And not depart till Mercy do reſpect us.
And as the Soul Life to the Body gives,
So *Prayer* revives the Soul, by Prayer it lives.

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2. *The Introit upon the Lord's-Day.*

BEhold we come, dear Lord, to Thee,
And bow before thy Throne:
We come to *offer*, on our Knee,
Our Vows to Thee alone.
What-e'er we have, what-e'er we are,
Thy *Bounty* freely gave:
Thou doſt us here in *Mercy* ſpare,
And wilt hereafter ſave.
But O, Can all our Store afford
No better Gifts for Thee?
Thus we confeſs thy Riches, Lord;
And thus our Poverty.
'Tis not our *Tongue* or *Knee* can pay
The mighty Debt we owe:
Far more we ſhould than we can ſay;
Far lower we ſhould bow.

Come

Come then, my Soul, bring all thy Pow'rs,
And grieve thou haſt no more;
Bring ev'ry Day thy choiceſt *Hours*,
And thy Great God adore.
But, above all, prepare thy *Heart*
On this his own *Bleſt Day*;
In its ſweet Task to bear thy part,
And *Sing*, and *Love*, and *Pray*.
Doxol, *Glory to Thee, Eternal Lord!*
Thrice Bleſſed Three in One:
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
Till Time it ſelf be done.

---

3. *Surſum Corda.*

RISE, O my Soul, with thy Deſires to Heaven,
And with divineſt Contemplation uſe
Thy Time, where Time's Eternity is given,
And let *vain Thoughts* no more thy Thoughts abuſe;
But down in ſilent Darkneſs let them lie:
So live thy better, let thy worſe Thoughts die.
And thou, my Soul, inſpir'd with *Holy Flame*,
View and review with moſt regardful Eye
That *Holy Croſs*, whence thy *Salvation* came,
On which thy *Saviour* and thy *Sin* did die:
For in that Sacred Object is much Pleaſure;
And in that *Saviour*, is my Joy, my Treaſure.
To Thee, O JESU, I direct mine Eyes,
To Thee my Hands, to Thee my humble Knees,
To Thee my Heart ſhall offer Sacrifice,
To Thee my Thoughts, who my Thoughts only ſees,
To Thee my Life, my Self, and all I give,
To Thee I die, to Thee alone I live.

4. *Veni Creator.*

COME Holy Ghoſt, our Souls inſpire,
And lighten with Cœleſtial Fire.
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who doſt Thy ſeven-fold Gifts impart.
Thy Bleſſed Unction from above,
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love.
Enable with perpetual Light
The Dulneſs of our blinded Sight.
Anoint and cheer our ſoiled Face
With the abundance of thy Grace.
Keep far our Foes, give Peace at home:
Where Thou art Guide, no Ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both, to be but One.
That through all Ages all along,
This may be [*ſtill*] *our endleſs Song*;
[All] Praiſe to thy Eternal Merit,
Father, [*and*] *Son, and Holy Spirit.*

---

5. *Another.*

1 COME, Holy Ghoſt, Eternal God,
proceeding from Above,
Both from the Father, and the Son,
the God of Peace and Love.
2 Viſit our Minds, into our Hearts
thy Heavenly Grace inſpire,
That Truth and Godlineſs we may
purſue with full deſire.

3. Thou

3 Thou art the very Comforter
in Grief and all Diſtreſs:
The Heavenly Gift of God moſt High:
no Tongue can it expreſs.
4 The Fountain and the Living Spring
of Joy Cœleſtial:
The Fire moſt bright, the Love moſt ſweet,
the Unction ſpiritual.
5 Thou in thy Gifts art manifold;
by them Chriſt's Church doth ſtand:
In faithful Hearts Thou writ'ſt thy Law,
the Finger of God's Hand.
6 According to thy Promiſe, Lord,
Thou giveſt Speech with Grace,
That through thy help God's Praiſes may
reſound in every Place.
7 O Holy Ghoſt, into our Minds
ſend down thy Heavenly Light;
Kindle our Hearts with fervent Zeal
to ſerve God Day and Night.
8 Our Weakneſs ſtrengthen and confirm,
(for, Lord, Thou know'ſt us frail,)
That neither Devil, World, nor Fleſh,
againſt us may prevail.
9 Put back our *Enemies* far from us;
and help us to obtain
Peace in our Hearts with God and Man,
(the beſt and trueſt Gain:)
10 And grant that Thou being, O Lord,
our Leader and our Guide,
We may eſcape the Snares of Sin,
and never from Thee ſlide.
11 Such meaſures of thy powerful Grace,
grant Lord to us, we pray,
That thou may'ſt be our Comforter
at the laſt dreadful Day.

12 OF Strife, and of Diſſention
diſſolve, O Lord, the Bands,
And knit the Knots of Peace and Love
throughout all Chriſtian Lands.
13 Grant us the Grace, that we may know
the Father of all Might,
That we of his Beloved Son
may gain the bliſsful ſight,
14 And that we may with perfect Faith
ever acknowledge Thee,
The Spirit of Father, and of Son,
One God in Perſons Three.
15 TO God the Father Laud and Praiſe,
and to his Bleſſed Son,
And to the Holy Spirit of Grace,
Coequal Three in One.
16 And pray we that our only Lord
would pleaſe his Spirit to ſend
On all that ſhall profeſs his Name,
from hence to the World's End.

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6. *Invitation to the Sacred Banquet.*

O Taſt, O taſt, O taſt, and ſee
How Good, how Sweet, thy Lord's to thee.
Bleſſed, O Bleſſed is the Man
Who firmly doth confide in Him.
O fear the Lord all ye his Saints,
For they who fear Him nothing want.
The Lyons lack, and Hunger bear;
But nought want they who do Him fear.
The Lyons lack, and pine for Food;
But who fear Him can want no Good.

7. *The Nativity of our* SAVIOUR,

Out of Prudentius.

GIVE me my *Muſick*, that I may
To th' faithful Choir in Conſort play
To a ſweet Song moſt pleaſant Strains,
To celebrate *CHRIST*'s Glorious Name:
Him, Him alone, our *Songs* ſhall praiſe,
To Him our *Muſick* we will raiſe.
CHRIST it is whom, with ſweet Conſent
Of Voice, ſtring'd and wind Inſtrument,
The *Royal Prophet* did long ſince,
With a Cœleſtial Influence
Inſpired ſing, ſhould one Day come
To act the Subject of our *Song*.
And now we ſing, ſince He is come,
The glorious Acts which He hath done:
The World is Witneſs, and what ſhe
Hath ſeen, the Earth cannot deny,
That GOD (not in a Cloud or Shrine,
But Fleſh,) is come to teach Mankind.
Who by his *Father's Word* begot,
When ought of this World yet was not,
Is *Alpha* and *Omega* nam'd,
Both the Beginning and the End
Of all what-e'er we here do ſee,
What-e'er have been, or e'er ſhall be.
He by his Word did all create,
By his Command were all compleat,
Heav'n, Earth, the Sea, and all the Frame,
This *triple Machin* doth ſuſtain,
And all what-ever doth appear
Within the Moon's or Sun's high Sphear:

Yet He in our frail Bodies form,
And Mortal Nature would be born,
Cloathing Himſelf therewith, that He
Might reſcue Humane Progeny
From all that *Slavery* wherein
They were involv'd by *Parents Sin.*
O Bleſſed be that *Happy Birth,*
When Virgin Mother did bring forth,
Conceiv'd by Sacred Breath, her Son,
Her and the World's *Salvation!*
And when the World's Redeeming Youth
Firſt opened his Sacred Mouth!

Let all the Heavens high conſpire,
And all the Holy Angels choir,
And all what-e'er hath any Breath,
To Sing and Celebrate this Birth:
To ſing the Praiſes *of our Lord,*
Let no Tongue ceaſe, but all accord.

---

8. *Redemption by the Croſs of Chriſt.*

WHO more can crave than God for me has done?
To free a Slave, that gave his only Son.
Bleſt be that Hour when He repair'd my Loſs:
I never will forget my *Saviour's Croſs.*
Whoſe *Death* revives my Soul: once was I dead,
But now I'll raiſe again my drooping Head;
And Singing ſay, and ſaying Sing for ever;
Bleſt be my Lord, that did my Soul deliver.

9. *A Penitential Hymn.*

O Mighty God, who ſit'ſt on High,
Encircled round with Majeſty,
Behold thy *proſtrate Penitent!*
And teach me rightly to lament
My ſecret Sins, and youthful Fires,
Polluted Thoughts, and fond Deſires.
O let me never cloſe mine Eye,
But ſtill, O ſtill, new Floods ſupply.
Provoke my Sighs, my Griefs increaſe,
Till all thy dreaded Vengeance ceaſe.
My Heart, which harbours groſſer Fires,
Diſſolve, O mighty God, in Tears.
Thus when of old the ſtubborn Rock
Did feel thy Prophet's powerful Stroak,
The Rock began to melt, the Stone
Poured its ſtreaming Moiſture down.
The Flint, where Fire was lodg'd, till now,
Did all diſſolv'd in Waters flow.

---

10. *On Aſcenſion-Day.*

ART thou aſcended, Bleſſed Lord, on High?
And do I on this Earth ſtill grovelling lye,
In muddy, ſenſual, fading Pleaſures drown'd,
Where Pain and Grief, Horrors and Hell are found?
O Pity, deareſt Lord, ſome Pity take
On a poor fainting Soul, for thy Names ſake:
Help, Lord, Lord, help, to Thee I lift mine Eyes,
Stretch forth thy helping Hand, and make me riſe.
O raiſe my ſinking Soul above the Mud
And Dirt of low Delights, which Fleſh and Blood

Reliſh

Reliſh and crave: Let my exalted Mind
Its Pleaſures in thy *Love* and *Service* find.
But ne'er let that ſeem Pleaſant to my Taſt
Which grieves thy Spirit, and doth my Conſcience waſt;
Keep my Soul mindful of its Heavenly Birth,
That it may Heav'n-ward tend, wean'd from this Earth
By all my Falls upon this ſlippery Ground,
Grant that I nearer may to Heav'n rebound;
And let all Streams of Comfort here below
Up to the Fountain lead me, whence they flow.
Let Faith, and Love, and Longings raiſe my Heart
Up to the bliſsful Place where, Lord, Thou art;
Let my chief Joy ſpring from this Faith and Love,
Till I aſcend to Thee, and Joys above.

---

11. *Pentecoſt.*

COME, Mild and Holy *Dove*,
Deſcend into our Breaſt;
Do Thou in us, make us in Thee,
For ever dwell and reſt.
Come and ſpread o'er our Heads
Thy ſoft all-cheriſhing Wing,
That in its Shade we ſafe may ſit,
And to Thee *Praiſes ſing*.
To Thee who giv'ſt us Life,
Our better Life, of *Grace*;
Who giv'ſt us Breath, and Strength and Speed
To run and win our Race.
If by the way we *faint*,
Thou reacheſt forth thy Hand:
If our own Weakneſs make us *fall*,
Thou mak'ſt our Weakneſs ſtand.

When

When we are *sliding* back,
Thou do'st our Danger stop;
When we *again*, alas, are *fal'n*,
Again Thou tak'st us up:
Else there we still must lye,
And still sink lower down;
Our Hope to rise is all from Thee,
Our Ruin's all our own.
O my ingrateful Soul!
What shall our Dulness do
For Him that does all this for us,
Only our Love to woo?
We'll love Thee then, dear Lord!
But thou must give that *Love*:
We'll humbly beg it of thy Grace,
But Thou our *Pray'rs* must move.
O hear thine own Self speak;
For Thou in us dost pray:
Thou canst as quickly *grant*, as *ask*;
Thy Grace knows no delay.

Doxol. *Glory to Thee, O Lord,*
One Coeternal Three:
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One equal Glory be.

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12. *Commemoration of Saints.*

TELL me, you bright *Stars* that shine
Round about the Lamb's high Throne,
How, through Bodies once like mine,
How are you thus Glorious grown?
Hark, with one Voice they reply:
This was all our happy Skill:

We

We on *JESUS* fix'd our Eye,
And his Eminent Followers ſtill.
As we clearly ſaw their Mind
Set and rul'd, we order'd ours:
Both this State alone deſign'd
Up to'ards this ſtrain'd all our Pow'rs.
Taught by *Temperance* we abſtain'd
From all leſs for greater Goods:
Slighting little Drops we gain'd,
Full, and ſweet, and laſting Floods.
Arm'd with *Fortitude*, we bear
Leſſer Evils, worſe to fly:
Mortal *Death* we durſt out-dare,
Rather than for ever die.
Juſtice we obſerv'd, by giving
Every one their utmoſt Due;
That in Peace and Order living,
All might freely Heav'n purſue.
Prudence govern'd all the reſt,
Prudence made us ſtill apply
What was fitteſt, what was beſt
To advance great *Charity*.
On thoſe golden Wheels of *Grace*,
That Loves fiery Chariot bear;
We arrived at this Place:
Follow us, and never fear.
O ſure *Truth!* O bleſt *Atteſters!*
O that all the World may prove
Of both theſe ſuch ſtrong Digeſters,
That both theſe may feed their Love.
Him, who made us all for this,
Him, who made Himſelf our Way,
Him, who leads us into Bliſs,
May all Praiſe, and all Obey.

DIVINE HYMNS & ANTHEMS

Taken out of the *PSALMS*.

HYMN I.

1 SIng to the Lord, for He alone is Good,
His Mercies ſure for evermore have ſtood.
Give Thanks unto our God, and let your Verſe,
Both of his wondrous Acts and Praiſe rehearſe.
2 Let them give Life and Numbers to your Song,
And count the Glories, which to Him belong.
But who their Verſe can to his Glory raiſe,
Or, as his Acts deſerve, ſhew forth his Praiſe?
3 All ye who fear his Name in it rejoyce,
And ſhew your Heart is cheerful by your Voice.
Seek ye the Lord, and ſeek his Mighty Power,
And never till you ſee his Face give o'er.
4 Remember all the Wonders he hath done,
The Words he ſpake, the Signs his Hand has ſhewn.
Thrice Happy they, who his Commandments love,
And by their Conſtancy their Service prove.
5 On me, unworthy Wretch, O God, look down,
And grant thoſe Favours which thou ſhew'ſt thine
That I may taſt how Good 'tis to be Thine, (Own:
And in the under-Song to bleſs Thee joyn.

HYMN II.

1 O Bleſt Employment of our Lives,
To praiſe the God whom we adore:
How grateful to our ſelves and Him!
Nothing becomes a good Man more.

2 Ye Righteous in the Lord rejoyce,
And let his Praiſe be your Delight:
For Praiſe is lovely, and becomes
The Lips of thoſe that are Upright.

3 The vaſt extended Orbs of *Heav'n*,
By his Commanding Word were made,
And all its numerous Hoſt from his
Creating Breath their Beings had.

4 He numbers all the *Stars*, and knows
What *Virtue* comes to us from thence:
For 'tis from Him they borrow all
Their *Luſtre* and their *Influence*.

5 TH' Almighty on the *Sons of Men*
Looks down from his Cœleſtial Throne:
And all the Dwellers on the Earth
Views from his Glorious Manſion.

6 He equally did make them all,
Their Hearts he faſhion'd one by one;
And all their inmoſt Thoughts to Him,
Better than to themſelves, are known.

7 THE Lord on thoſe that fear his Name
Looks with a favourable Eye:
He ne'er will fail their *Hopes*, that on
His Goodneſs ſtedfaſtly rely.

8 When Plagues, without diſtinction, kill
Their Lives, he'll reſcue from the Grave;
In time of Famine due Supplies
All their Neceſſities ſhall have.

9 God's

9 God's *Word* is, like its Author, Good;
His *Laws* from all Injuſtice free;
His *Promiſe* ſure; and all his *Works*
Are done in Truth and Equity.
10 *Works*, that are Right and Juſt, ſecure
His Favour, and his Pleaſure are;
The Earth, with various Bleſſings fill'd,
To us his Goodneſs does declare.
11 Now, Lord, we wait for Thee; Thou art
Our Succour, and our ſure Defence:
What-e'er befalls us, we may truſt
In Thee with cheerful Confidence.
12 So let thy Mercies, Lord, on us
Deſcend, like a refreſhing Show'r;
As all our Hopes and Joys depend
Upon thy Favour, and thy Power.

HYMN III.

MY Soul exalt the Lord with Hymns of Praiſe:
O Lord, my God, how boundleſs is thy Might?
Whoſe Throne of State is cloath'd with glorious Raies,
And round about haſt rob'd thy ſelf with Light:
Who, like a Curtain, haſt the Heavens diſplaid,
And in the watry Roofs thy Chambers laid.
2 Whoſe Chariots are the thickned Clouds above;
Who walk'ſt upon the winged Winds below;
At whoſe Command the airy Spirits move;
And fiery Meteors their Obedience ſhow:
Who on his Baſe the Earth did firmly found,
And mad'ſt the Deep to circumveſt it round.
3 The Waves that riſe would drown the higheſt Hill;
But at thy Check they fly, and when they hear

Thy thundring Voice, they poſt to do thy Will,
And bound their Furies in their proper Sphere:
Where ſurgin Floods and valing Ebbs can tell,
That none beyond Thy Marks muſt ſink or ſwell.
4 O Lord, when on *thy various Works* we look,
How richly furniſh'd is the Earth we tread!
Where, in the fair Contents of Nature's Book,
We may the wonders of thy Wiſdom read:
Nor Earth alone; but lo! the *Sea* ſo wide,
Where great and ſmall, a world of Creatures glide.
5 There go the Ships that furrow out their way;
Yea, there of Whales enormous Sights we ſee,
Which yet have ſcope among the reſt to play;
And all do wait for their Support on Thee,
Who haſt aſſign'd each thing a proper Food,
And in due Seaſon doſt diſpence Thy Good.
6 They gather when thy Gifts thou doſt divide,
Their Stores abound, if thou thy Hand enlarge;
Confus'd they are when thou thy Beams doſt hide,
In Duſt reſolv'd if thou their Breath diſcharge.
Again, when thou of Life renew'ſt the Seeds,
The withered Fields reveſt their cheerful Weeds.
7 Be ever gloried here thy Soveraign Name,
That thou may'ſt ſmile on All which thou haſt made;
Whoſe Frown alone can ſhake this Earthy Frame,
And at whoſe Touch the Hills with Smoak ſhall vade.
For me, may (while I breath) both Harp and Voice
In ſweet Inditement of thy Hymns rejoyce.

Let Sinners fail, let all Prophaneneſs ceaſe,
His Praiſe, (my Soul) His Praiſe ſhall be thy Peace.

Doxol. *All Glory to the Majeſty on high,*
The ever Bleſſed Bleſſing Trinity.
As i'th' Beginning *was, is* now, *ſhall be*
When Time ſhall paſs into Eternity.

HYMN

HYMN IV.

TO laud the Heav'nly King, Let all their Voices raiſe:
Ye *Angels* firſt begin The Great Creator's Praiſe.
Let Sun and Moon, And every Star,
His Glory ſhow That's brighter far. (frame;
Ye Servants of the Lord, That Heav'n and Earth did
Who at his Altar wait, Praiſe ye his Glorious Name.
His Goodneſs do's To this invite;
His Praiſe will give The beſt delight.
Ye *Kings* that Scepters ſway, People of meaner Birth;
Princes that rule the World, And Judges of the Earth.
Let every Sex, And every Age,
To praiſe the Name Of God engage.
His *Works* our Wonder raiſe; The *Heav'ns* his Wiſ-
(dom made;
And he th' outſtretched *Earth* Above the Waters laid.
He made the *Sun*, The Day's great Light;
The *Moon* and *Stars*, To rule the Night.
In Him all *Glories* meet, His *Greatneſs* knows no bound;
What other Gods do claim, In Him alone is found.
Who, as at firſt, He all things made;
Still rules o'er all, By all obey'd.
All things in Heav'n above Are ſubject to his Will;
The Earth and Seas below His Pleaſure do fulfill.
To this Great King All Gods do bow,
Angels above, And Pow'rs below.
His Glories all that ſhine In Heav'n and Earth excell,
His ſpecial Mercy ſhew'd T' his People *Iſrael:*
A People dear, And highly rais'd;
His Holy Name Be ever prais'd.
Give *Thanks* unto the Lord, Who is ſo kind and good;
Whoſe Mercies firmly laſt, As they have ever ſtood.
Thy Name and Thy Memorial
For ever, Lord, Continue ſhall.

The Second Part.

Lord, ſhow'r on us thy Grace, Inrich with Gifts divine;
Let thy illuſtrious Face Upon thy Servants ſhine:
That all below The arched Sky,
May Thee, and thy Salvation know.
Let all thy Praiſe rehearſe, With one united Voice;
Sing in melodious Verſe; Eternally rejoyce;
Thy Power obey; Whoſe Juſtice ſhall
Diſpoſe of All; All Scepters ſway.
Let all extol thy Worth; Then ſhall the ſmiling Earth
Her pleaſant Fruits bring forth; Nor ever mourn in (Dearth.
We who implore, Thy Bleſſings find;
And all Mankind With fear adore.

HYMN V.

1 O What a pleaſant Work it is
To *Praiſe* the Lord above:
Morning and Evening to proclaim
His *Faithfulneſs* and *Love!*
2 My Soul's beſt Pow'rs I will ingage,
And with Affection joyn
In thoſe Aſſemblies, where the Saints
To praiſe the Lord combine.
3 They that contemplate thy Great *Works*,
Will ſoon, with Pleaſure, ſee
Thy *Power*, how Glorious it is!
How great thy *Purity!*
4 The Wonders of thy *Providence*
They'll often call to mind;
With Grateful Hearts proclaim that God
Is *Gracious* and *Kind.*

5 *Faithful*

5 *Faithful* and *Juſt* are all his *Works*;
His *Word* no leſs is ſure:
When once his *Promiſe* is engag'd,
Performance is ſecure.

6 BEyond the limits of the Sky,
Thy *Mercy*, Lord, extends;
Thy *Faithfulneſs* the narrow bounds
Of Space and Time tranſcends.

7 Mountains may be remov'd, before
Thy *Truth* ſhall fail the leaſt;
Thy *Judgments* none can fathom; Thou
Preſerveſt Man and Beaſt.

8 But who can prize enough that *Love*
God bears unto the Juſt;
Under whoſe *Providence* and Care
Good Men ſecurely truſt.

9 They to the Plenty of *thy Houſe*
For all Supplies ſhall look;
And freely of thy Pleaſures drink,
As from a Running Brook.

HYMN VI.

OUR grateful Songs, O thou Eternal King,
Shall ever of thy boundleſs Mercies ſing:
And thy unalterable Truth rehearſe
To after Ages, in a living Verſe.

2 For what is by thy Clemency decreed,
Shall orderly, and faithfully ſucceed:
Even like thoſe never reſting Orbs above,
Which on firm hinges circularly move.

3 The Heavenly Hierarchy thy Truth ſhall praiſe;
The Saints below thy glorious Wonders blaze.

For who is like our God above the Clouds!
Or who ſo great, whom humane frailty ſhrowds!
4 He to his Angels terrible appears;
And daunts the Tyrants of the Earth with Fears.
Great God! how great, when dreadful Armies joyn!
What God ſo ſtrong! what Faith ſo firm as thine!
5 Thine are the Heavens; thoſe Lamps which guild the Skies;
Round Earth, broad Seas, and all which they compriſe.
Thy Arm excels in Strength, thy Hands ſuſtain
The World they made; and guide it with a Rein.
6 Juſtice with Judgment joyn'd, thy Throne uphold:
Mercy and Truth thy Sacred Laws infold.
Thrice happy They, who, when the Trumpet calls,
Throng to thy celebrated *Feſtivals!*
7 They of thy Beauty ſhall injoy the ſight,
And guide their Feet by that informing light:
Thy Name ſhall daily in their Mouths be found;
And in thy Juſtice ſhall their Joys abound.
8 Our Ornament in Peace, our Strength in Wars;
Thy Favour ſhall exalt us to the Stars.
Thou, Holy One of *Iſrael*, our King;
Thou, our Defence; ſecure beneath thy Wing.

HYMN VII.

TRiumphant Gen'ral of the Sacred Hoſt,
Whom all the Strength of Heav'n and Earth obey,
Who haſt a powerful Legion in each Coaſt,
And Mighty Armies liſted, and in pay;
How fearful art thou in their Head above,
Yet in Thy Temple, Lord, how full of Love?

2 So lovely is *Thy Temple*, and ſo fair,
So like Thy ſelf, that with deſire I faint;
My Heart and Fleſh *rejoyce* to ſee Thee * there, * *here*
And could bear any thing but *a* Reſtraint:
My Soul do's on its *ſweet Experience* feed,
And freſh deſires by every Abſence breed.
3 Thrice happy Man, who in Thy Houſe reſides!
For he Thy Glorious Name ſhall ever praiſe;
For whoſe Neceſſities my God provides!
And is the Faithful Guide of all his Ways!
Though through the Vale of *Baca* he do's go,
My King, who guides his Way, will bleſs it too.
4 I one day in Thy Temple to attend,
Before an Age of Pleaſure do prefer;
And might I in * that Place my Life but ſpend, * *this*
The meaneſt Office is Advancement * there: * *here*
* There ſhould I count I had more Honour won, **Here*
Charg'd with a Door, than **here to wear* a Crown. **elſe-*
5 My God would * there upon his Servant ſhine; *where*
And when that Sun is or too hot, or bright, *with*
Become a ſhield againſt the Rayes Divine, * *here*
And on himſelf reflect the glorious Light:
Himſelf would interpoſe, and be my Screen,
And nothing but himſelf ſhould come between.
6 Grace now, hereafter Glory will He give;
Nothing that's good will He from His with-hold;
He only looks they ſhould uprightly live,
And for returns expect a thouſand fold:
Lord, ſince to Thine All for the Beſt ſhall be,
Not only give, but chooſe what's fit for me!

Doxol. *O Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord moſt High;*
Coequal, Coeternal Deity!
Who mad'ſt *us, didſt* redeem, *and doſt* inſpire
Our Souls fall'n Heat with new Cœleſtial Fire.
We bleſs Thee now, and ſhall Eternally,
O Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord moſt High!

HYMN

HYMN VIII.

1 O How I love the Place where Thou
Thy Preſence doſt afford:
And where thy Glory brightly ſhines,
To bleſs and praiſe thee, Lord!
2 One thing I beg of God, and hope
I ſhall not be deny'd;
To tend his Service in *his Houſe*,
And ever there abide.
3. Frequent *Converſes* with Him there
Freſh Pleaſures will create:
To have my *Doubts* reſolv'd I'll there
For his *Direction* wait.
4 In *Dangers*, no retiring Place
Could me ſo ſurely hide;
Nor in a Fortreſs on a Rock
Could I more ſafe abide.
5 INTO that *Hill* where God reſides,
Who ſhall admitted be?
Lord, who within thy Holy Place
May ſtand and worſhip Thee?
6 He whoſe unſpotted *Hand* no Crimes,
Whoſe *Heart* no Stains defile,
Whoſe *Tongue* blaſphemes not God, nor ſwears
His Neighbour to beguile.
7 This is *the Worſhipper* alone,
Whom God delights to bleſs;
On whom he'll faithfully beſtow
His promis'd Happineſs.
8 Theſe, as *God*'s *People*, may with hopes
Of Favour ſeek his Face;
And as true Proſelytes be joyn'd
To *Iſrael*'s Faithful Race.

9 MINE

9 MINE inmoſt Thoughts I offer, Lord,
To thine impartial Eye;
O try my Heart, leſt any Sin
Should there conceiled ly.
10 The Contemplation of thy Love
Gives me the beſt Delight;
This both engages and excites
My Care to walk aright.
11 My Thoughts and Actions I'll preſerve
Free from Impurity;
And then th' *Oblations* I preſent
Shall acceptable be:
12 Then I alone, with cheerful Voice,
Thy Goodneſs will proclaim;
And tell of all thy Wond'rous Works,
To magnify thy Name.

HYMN IX.

OBleſs the Lord, and call upon his Name,
And his great Deeds to all the World proclaim;
Speak Him; Praiſe Him; O be our God alone,
And his Great Works the Subject of our Song.
Seek God: Rejoyce in God: What Soul can miſs
Of Joy, who makes his God his Happineſs?
Seek then, O ſeek his Strength, his Saving Pow'r,
His Favour ſeek: ſeek his Face evermore.
Think, O ye Sons of *Jacob*, think upon
His Righteous Laws, his Great Salvation.
He is our God, the World's Great God: His Fear
And his great Judgments are known every-where.

The Second Part.

O Bleſs our God; becauſe our God is Good;
Becauſe his Mercies have no Period.
But who can ſpeak enough his Acts? How Great!
How Good! when they in all are infinite.
Happy the Juſt, who ſtill work Righteouſneſs,
Off'ring pure Souls, cleans'd and prepar'd for Bliſs.
With theſe thy Favours, which extended be
To thy Belov'd Ones, Lord! remember Me.
O viſit me with thy Salvation,
That I may ſee *Iſra'l*'s Redemption.
That both joyn'd, They with Me, and I with Them,
May Joy one Joy in thy *Jeruſalem.*

HYMN X.

1 REjoyce, O World, and to Thy God ſing Praiſe!
Let Seas, and Iſles, & Lands, His Name reſound;
Together with his Sun your Voices raiſe,
And in Eternal Jubilees go round!
For if that riſe his mighty Pow'r to ſhow,
Much more ſhould you, on whom it ſhines, do ſo.
2 He rules o're all, Him Heaven and Earth obey,
The Univerſal and Eternal King;
His Eyes the Wicked and the Good ſurvey,
And under Chains His Hand the Proud do's bring:
Raiſe not Thy ſelf too high, proud Duſt, for fear
The Wind which rais'd thy Name away ſhould bear.
3 Rejoyce ye Nations, and to God ſing Praiſe!
Let Seas, and Iſles, and Lands, His Name reſound;
Together with His Sun your Voices raiſe,
And in Eternal Jubilees go round!

For

For He from Falls our ſliding Feet do's ſave,
And with new Life returns us from the Grave.

4 LIKE Silver in the Furnace, we were try'd,
And felt unuſual Flames rage all about;
But thence, as Silver, throughly purify'd,
We only left our Droſs when we came out:
The purer Metal had no baſe alloy,
And all our Griefs made way for greater Joy.

5 Low were we brought, the net upon us caſt,
And on our loyns prodigious weights were laid;
Through Water tryal, and through Fire we paſt,
And a deriſion to our Foes were made:
But He, who there upheld us by His hand,
Brought us Himſelf, at laſt, to'th' Promis'd Land.

6 WITH Praiſes to Thy Houſe, my King, *I'll go*,
And make my Thanks in clouds of Incenſe riſe;
There ſolemnly I'll pay the willing Vow,
Which my Lips offer'd in my Miſeries:
My Offerings I'll on Thy Altar lay,
And thence with Flames renew the waſted day.

HYMN XI.

MY Heart on Thee is fix'd, my Strength, my Power,
My ſtedfaſt Rock, my Fortreſs, my high Tower,
My God, my Safety, and my Confidence,
The Horn of my Salvation, my Defence.
My Songs ſhall thy deſerved Praiſe reſound,
For at my *Prayers* thou wilt my *Foes* confound.

2 The Merciful ſhall flouriſh in thy Grace;
Thy Righteouſneſs the Righteous ſhall embrace:
Thou to the Pure thy Purity wilt ſhow;
And the Perverſe ſhall thy Averſeneſs know.

For

For thou wilt thy afflicted People ſave;
The Proud caſt down, down to the greedy Grave.
3 God's Ways are perfect, all his Works are juſt;
A Shield to thoſe that in his Promiſe truſt.
What God is there in Heav'n or Earth but ours!
What Rock but He, againſt aſſailing Powers?
He breath'd new Strength and Courage in the day
Of Battle, and ſecurely clear'd my way.

HYMN XII.

1 LET the Great God ariſe, and then
His ſcattered Foes will flee for fear;
Vaniſh like Smoak, and melt like Wax
Before the Fire, when he draws near.
2 But let the Juſt rejoyce, and praiſe
His Name, to whom all Pow'r belongs;
He rides on High above the Clouds,
Let Him be rais'd too in your Songs.
3 As a Great Conquerour, our God,
Aſcended is above the Skies;
And after Him in Triumph draws,
As Spoils, his Captiv'd Enemies.
4 Thouſands of *Angels* Him attend,
And God is where that Hoſt appears:
Sinai had once his Preſence, now
To *Sion* th' Honour he transfers.
5 He ſcattered his various Gifts
Around, to make his Bounty known;
Ev'n Rebels had a ſhare, 'mongſt whom
He dwells, and they his Kindneſs own.
6 GOD who heaps daily Benefits
On us, ſhall have our grateful Songs;
He is our SAVIOUR, to whom
The Pow'r of Life and Death belongs.

7 Such

7 Such Bleſſings on *Jeruſalem*
Shall from thy Temple there come down;
That by rich *Preſents* hither brought,
Kings ſhall themſelves thy Subjects own.
8 His Empire ſhall not be confin'd
Within *Judea*'s Bounds, but ſtretch
It ſelf from Sea to Sea, as far
As th' Earth's Inhabitants do reach.
9 The Kings of *Tharſis*, and the Iſles,
Tho' diſtant far, ſhall Preſents bring;
Princes from happy *Arabs* Land,
With Gifts ſhall honour this Great King.
10 Yea, by all Kings of th'Earth ſhall he
With low Submiſſions be ador'd;
All Nations Tributaries be,
And ſerve Him as their Sov'reign Lord.
11 BLeſs'd be the Sov'reign Lord, the God
Of *Iſrael*, whoſe ſtupendious Acts
Of Pow'r, our Wonder, and whoſe Grace
Our Love and Gratitude attracts.
12 Oh! may the Glorious Name of God
For ever be advanced then;
His Glories fill the Earth, and all
Joyn in his Praiſe, and ſay, *Amen.*
13 Praiſe Him, ye Kingdoms of the Earth,
Who governs all the Heav'nly Spheres:
From thence he thunders with his Voice,
Which every Creature dreads that hears.
14 Give Him the Glory of his Pow'r,
Illuſtriouſly to *Iſrael* ſhown:
Its Wonders in the Heav'ns appear,
And thence by all the World is known.
15 They that behold his Majeſty
In Holy Places, are amaz'd:
'Tis God who giveth Strength and Pow'r
Unto his Saints; his Name be prais'd.

HYMN XIII.

1 GOD is my Portion, all my Good
from his rich Mercy flows;
And his good Providence ſecures
The Bleſſings he beſtows.
2 I envy not the great Man's State,
Nor pine to ſee his Store:
With what I have I'm pleaſed much,
With what I hope for more.
3 Let others fooliſhly expect
How kind the World will prove;
I'll ſeek to pleaſe my God, and be
Ambitious of his Love.
4 Thoſe who in Vertue do excel,
In all my Goods ſhall ſhare:
Let others multiply their * Cares, * *Woes.*
Who fond of * Mammon are. * *Idols.*
5 I'LL bleſs the Lord, ev'n when he makes
Troubles mine *Exerciſe*;
Thoſe ſad and ſolitary Thoughts
Inſtruct, and make me wiſe.
6 When God is preſent to my Mind,
My *Fears* are over-blown;
When he ſtands by me with his Aid,
No Power ſhall caſt me down.
7 Although a ſudden Danger may
Some preſent *Frights* create;
My *Truſt* in Thee will never fail
My *Fears* to diſſipate.
8 Then by God's Help I'll celebrate
With Praiſe, his Faithful Word;
And vanquiſh all my *Fears* of Men,
By *Truſting* in the Lord.

HYMN XIV.

Note, *The Words inclos'd in Crochets may be omitted if the Tune require it.*

1 O Come let all created force conſpire
A general [Sacred] *Hymn of Praiſe* to ſing;
Joyn all ye Creatures in one Solemn Quire,
And let your *Theme* be Heaven's Almighty King.
2 Begin ye bleſt Attendants of his Seat,
[Begin,] begin your high *Seraphick* Layes,
'Tis juſt you ſhould, your Happineſs is great,
And all you are to give again, is *Praiſe*.
3 Ye glorious *Lamps*, that rule both Night and Day,
Bring you your [glorious] *Allelujahs* too;
To Him that Tribute of Devotion pay,
Which once blind *Superſtition* gave to you.
4 Thou *Firſt* and *Faireſt* of material kind,
By whom his other [various] Works we ſee,
Subtile and active as pure Thought and Mind,
Praiſe Him that's *Elder* and more *Fair* than thee.
5 Ye Regions of the *Air* his Praiſes ſing,
And all ye *Virgin Waters* [flowing] there,
Do you Advantage to the Conſort bring,
And down to us the *Allelujah* bear.
6 In chaunting forth the great Jehovah's Praiſe,
Let theſe *the upper Conſort* [ſweetly] fill;
He ſpake, and did you all from nothing raiſe,
As you did then, ſo now obey his Will.
7 His Will, that fix'd you in a conſtant State,
And cut a *Track* for Nature's [gentle] *Wheel*,
Here let it run, ſaid he, and made it Fate;
And where's that Power which can this Law repeal?

8 Ye Powers that to th' *Inferiour World* retain,
Joyn you now with the [Heav'nly] Quire above.
And first, ye *Whirlpits*, try an higher strain,
And turn your *angry Murm'rings* into *Praise* & *Love*.

9 Let *Fire*, *Hail*, *Snow*, and *Vapours*, that ascend
[The Clouds,] unlock'd by *Phœbus* searching Rayes,
Let *Stormy Winds* ambitiously contend,
And all their wonted force imploy in Praise.

10 Ye scattered *Tops*, which seem to brave the Skies,
Rise [ye up] higher, and when Men on you
Religious Rites perform, and Sacrifice
With their *Oblations*, send your *Praises* too.

11 Ye *Trees*, whose *Fruits* both Men and Beasts consume,
Be you in [pleasant] Praises *fruitful* too:
Ye *Cedars*, Why have you such choice *Perfume*,
But that sweet *Incense* should be made of you?

12 Ye *Beasts*, with all the humble Creeping train,
[Give] Praise [to] Him that made your Lot so high.
Ye *Birds*, who in a nobler Province reign,
Send up your Praises higher than you fly.

13 Ye *Sacred Heads*, that wear Imperial Gold,
Praise Him, that you with [all your] Pow'r arrays;
And you, whose Hands the Scale of *Justice* hold,
Be *Just* in this, and pay your *Debt* of Praise.

14 Let sprightly *Youth* give *Vigour* to the Quire,
[And let] *each Sex* with one another vie:
Let feeble *Age* dissolv'd in Praise *expire*,
And *Infants* too their *tender* Voices try.

15 Praise Him, ye *Saints*, who Piety profess,
And at his [Holy] Altar spend your Days.
Ye *Seed of Israel* your great Patron bless,
'Tis *Manna*, this for Angels Food is *Praise*.

HYMN XV.

1 YOU Bleſſed *Saints*, who ſtand before
Th' Eternal King, and ſo long ſee
His Glory, that you changed be
Into that Glory you adore;
Praiſe your Great Founder, and above,
Admire his Pow'r, and bleſs his Love.
2 You, who when Lucifer did fall,
Kept your firſt ſtanding, and remain
Commanders of that mighty Train
Of which the Lord is General;
Angels, extol th' Almighty King,
And Songs of Triumph to Him ſing.
3 Ye *Servants* of th' Immortal King,
Who at his Altar wait below,
From whence our Prayers to Heaven go,
Which we devoutly thither bring;
To His Great Name *ſtrive firſt* to raiſe,
Though far above your reach, your Praiſe.
4 *Kings*, to whom God his Name does give,
And as Vice-Gods has ſet on high,
As Portraits of the Deity,
Praiſe Him in whom your ſelves do live;
And who, though *Honour* is your due,
Firſt made the Right, then gave it you.
5 Praiſe Him, *All People*, every State,
And Sex, and Age, *Virgins* and *Youth*,
With all the beauteous Trains of both;
Or long ſince born, or born of late.
Praiſe Him, *Old Men*, and ſince agen
Age ſpeaks you Children, ſhew you're Men.
6 Let the whole World His Praiſe reſtore,
And lift above the Firmament

That Name He counts ſo Excellent;
And what none fully know, adore:
For from the Deep it all things fills
Up to the Everlaſting Hills.

7 *Iſrael*, praiſe Him, *Iſrael*, for whom
He made all theſe, and greater things,
The Land ſubdu'd, and potent Kings,
Bringing them Thouſand Vict'ries home;
Such Wonders wrought, and more than this
Whom he redeem'd, and ſo made His.

HYMN XVI.

1 *IN grateful Hymns I am reſolv'd* to ſing
The Truth and Mercies of th' Eternal King.
Lord, Who in Heav'n with Thee can be compar'd,
Whom all adore, as Thou by all art fear'd?
Or, Who among the mighty Sons of Earth,
Is like to Thee, who gav'ſt their Mother Birth?

2 Before whoſe Throne Bleſt Saints and Angels bow,
And caſt thoſe Crowns, which to Thy Hand they owe.
Whoſe great Commands the Heav'nly Hoſt obey,
And execute the Charge which Thou doſt lay.
So Juſt, ſo True, ſo full of Majeſtie,
Lord, like Thy ſelf Thou art, and none like Thee.

3 The *Heaven*, with all its glorious Flames, is Thine,
And with Reflection from Thine Eye they ſhine.
The *Earth*, and all the Stores the Earth contains,
Of thy firſt Fulneſs are the mighty *Dreins*.
The *Sea*, when it to Heaven in Storms does riſe,
At Thy Rebuke in Humble Vallies lies.

4 No

4 No *Power* can thy All-Conqu'ring Arm withſtand,
So ſtrong is that, ſo high is thy Right Hand.
Juſtice and *Faithfulneſs* uphold thy Throne,
Mercy and *Truth*'s the Baſe it reſts upon.
A Thouſand Graces round about Thee fly,
And take new Life and Vigour from thine Eye.
5 Thrice *Happy Land*, whoſe Sov'reign Lord Thou art,
Who hear thy Law, and to it yield their Heart!
Who in thy Gracious Preſence ever dwell,
And all the Wonders of Thy Power can tell!
Who have Thee for the Subject of their Verſe,
And every Day can of thy Truth rehearſe!
6 'Tis *Angels Work* thy Wonders to declare:
Such Praiſes too ſublime for Mortals are;
Who only can below admire thy Love,
Not joyn with, but attend the Quire above.
Yet Thou'rt our God, and we thy Praiſe will ſing,
Who over us haſt made *thy Chriſt* our King.

HYMN XVII.

THE Lord does reign, let the whole *Earth* rejoyce,
The *Iſles* be glad, and lift on high their Voice:
In the thick Darkneſs God his Glory ſhrouds,
And o'er his Brightneſs throws a Vail of Clouds.
The *Heavens* his Juſtice and his Power declare,
And to his Truth the *Earth* does witneſs bear:
Juſtice and *Righteouſneſs* uphold his Throne,
And their firm Baſis it doth reſt upon.
Worſhip Him all ye Gods, Angels fall down,
And at his Feet caſt ev'ry one his Crown;

For He, above all Gods, is rais'd ſo high;
To Him we only, by our Prayers, can fly,
Praiſe Him, ye Righteous, who advanc't above,
Would have you thus expreſs, and ſend your Love,
Your Love upon Himſelf alone beſtow,
And Hatred only to what's Evil ſhow;
So with Deliv'rance He ſhall ſurely come,
And having here preſerv'd you, take you home
To Heaven, in whoſe large Fields, refined Light,
Sown for the Juſt, looks againſt Harveſt white;
Harveſts, which as they reap, the Righteous ſing,
And with Eternal Shoutings carry in.
Be glad, ye Righteous, and in God rejoyce,
For what his Hands have done deſerve your Voice.

HYMN XVIII.

1 I Still will of thy Glory ſing,
Thy Name extol, my God, my King;
No Day ſhall paſs without thy Praiſe;
Prais'd whilſt the Sun his Beams diſplays:
Great is the Lord, whoſe Praiſe exceeds,
Inſcrutable are all his Deeds.

2 One *Age* ſhall to another tell
Thy *Works*, which ſo in Pow'r excell.
The Beauty of thy *Excellence*,
And Oracles intrance my Senſe.
Men ſhall thy dreadful Acts relate;
My Verſe thy Greatneſs celebrate.

3 To Memory thy Favours bring,
And of thy Noble * *Goodneſs* ſing; * *Juſtice*
For in Thee, *Grace* and Pity live,
To Anger ſlow, ſwift to forgive;

All

All on thy *Goodneſs*, Lord, depend,
Thy *Mercies* all thy Works tranſcend.
4 Even all thy Works ſhall praiſe thy Name,
Thy *Saints* ſhall celebrate the ſame:
Of thy far-ſpreading Empire ſpeak
Thy Power, to which all Powers are weak:
To make thy Acts to Mortals known,
And Glory of thy awful Throne.
5 Thy *Kingdom* never ſhall have End;
Thy Rule beyond Time's flight extend;
All ſeek from Thee their Livelyhood;
Thou, in due Seaſon, giv'ſt them Food:
Thy liberal Hand, *Men*, *Birds*, and *Beaſts*,
And all that live, with Plenty feaſt.
6 The Lord is *Juſt* in all his Ways,
Who *Mercy* in his Works diſplays:
The Lord ſhall thoſe who fall ſuſtain,
And Souls dejected raiſe again:
Is preſent by his *Pow'r* with all
Who on his Name ſincerely call:
7 For He will their Deſires effect,
Regard their Cries, from Foes protect:
Who love Him, Safety ſhall enjoy;
The Lord, the Wicked ſhall deſtroy.
My Tongue his Goodneſs ſhall proclaim;
Mankind, for ever, praiſe his Name.

HYMN XIX.

1 MY God, my King, I will ſing Praiſe to Thee,
Till, like thy Name, my Songs Eternal be.
Ev'ry Day, Lord, I will ſing Praiſe to Thee,
Till, like thy Name, my Songs Eternal be.

2 *Great* is the Lord, and worthy of all Praiſe,
And like Himſelf, unſearchable his Ways;
One Age to count his *Works* will ne'er ſuffice,
Their Number to ſo great a Sum does riſe.
3 The next ſhall take it, and the next from them,
And in their Songs improve their lofty Theme.
Sing of the Honour of his Majeſty,
How far He is exalted, and how high.
4 Speak of his Pow'r and Acts, his Greatneſs ſhow,
Above, how full of Love; of Dread, below;
Of all his Goodneſs, and what He hath done,
Both for his Peoples Glory, and his Own.
5 THE Lord is *Gracious*, does with *Love* o'erflow,
Plenteous in *Mercy*, and to Anger ſlow;
Kind, as a *Father*, o'er whoſe Works there ſhine
Glories of Mercy mixt with Rayes divine.
6 All thy *Works* praiſe Thee, and thy *Pow'r* proclaim
Thy Kingdoms Beauties, and thy Holy Name.
Thy Saints ſhall bleſs Thee, and thy Acts make known,
And to Poſterity continue down.
7 How to Eternity thy Rule extends,
And that thy Empire knows no Bounds, nor Ends.
So *Juſt* is He, ſo *Righteous* in his Ways,
That, were we ſilent, Stones would ſpeak his Praiſe.
8 On Him the Eyes of all his Creatures wait,
To Him they look, and he provides them Meat;
Opens his Hand, does their Deſires fulfill,
And as He anſwers theirs, performs His Will.
9 The Lord upholds all thoſe who fall, does raiſe
The Poor on high, that they may ſee His Ways:
And t' His Afflicted Peoples Pray'rs ſo near,
That their Requeſts e're finiſh'd, granted are;
10 And when to Him, for Help, they ſend their Cries,
His Truth prevents them oftner than denies;
For the Deſires of ſuch who Him do fear
Shall be fulfill'd, and He their Groans will hear;

11 Will crown their Love, deſtroy with his Right hand
Their Foes, and on their Ruines make them ſtand.
Let the whole World, O God, ſing *Praiſe* to Thee,
And may their *Joyful Songs* Eternal be.

HYMN XX.

SING to the King of Kings, Sing in unuſual Laies;
Who hath wrought wond'rous things, His *Conqueſt* (crown with Praiſe:
Whoſe Arms alone, And ſacred Hands,
Their impious Bands Have overthrown.
His *Juſtice* brings to light; His ſaving *Truth* extends,
Even in the *Gentiles* ſight, To Earths remoteſt Ends.
His Heavenly Grace At full diſplay'd,
And Promiſe made To *Jacob*'s Race.
Let all that dwell on Earth Their high Affections raiſe,
With univerſal Mirth, And loudly ſing his *Praiſe:*
To *Muſick* joyn, The warbling Voice,
Let all rejoyce, With Joy divine.
ALL from the Sun's upriſe, Unto his ſetting Raies,
Reſound in Jubilees, The Great Jehovah's *Praiſe.*
Him ſerve alone; In Triumph bring
Your Gifts, and ſing Before his Throne.
Man drew from Man his Birth, But God his noble Frame
Built of the ruddy Earth, Fill'd with Cœleſtial Flame.
His Sons we are; Sheep by Him led,
Preſerv'd, and fed With tender Care.
O! to his Portals preſs In your Divine reſorts:
With Thanks his Power profeſs, And praiſe Him in (his Courts.
How good! how pure! His Mercies laſt:
His Promiſe paſt For ever ſure.

YOU,

YOU, who the Lord adore, And at his Altar wait;
Who keep your watch before The threshold of his (Gate;
His *Praises* sing By silent Night,
Till cheerful Light In th' Orient spring.
Your *Hands* devoutly raise To his divine Recess;
The World's *Creator* praise, And thus the People bless;
The God of Love, From Sion's *Towers,*
To you and yours, Propitious prove.

Doxol.

Unto the Three in One, Who bear Record above,
The Father, and the Son, And Holy Spirit of Love,
All Glory be, As was at first,
So to the last, Eternally.

HYMN XXI.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, O praise ye Him
Ye Servants of the Lord.
The Name of Great *Jehovah* praise,
[*According to his Word.*]
2 And blessed be the Holy Name
Of our most Glorious Lord
From this time forth for evermore,
Through all the World ador'd.
3 Even from the Rising of the Sun,
Throughout its endless Race,
The Lord his Name is to be prais'd,
On Earth, in every place.
4 The *Gentiles* by his Kindness won,
Shall turn unto the Lord;
By all the Kindreds of the Earth
His Name shall be ador'd.

5 The

5 The Lord is *King*, and under Him
Princes their Scepters ſway;
All Nations to his *Rule* ſubmit,
And *Homage* to Him pay.
6 O'er all the Nations of the World
The Lord's exalted high;
Yea, far above the Heav'ns themſelves
His Glorious Majeſty.
7 A choſen *Seed* ſhall to their *Race*
His *Righteouſneſs* declare:
And own this *Work of God*, and tell
How Great his *Mercies* are.

HYMN XXII.

1 TO celebrate thy *Praiſe*, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare:
To all the liſt'ning World thy *Works*,
Thy wond'rous Works declare.
2 The Thought of them ſhall to my Soul
Exalted Raptures bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High,
Triumphant Praiſe I ſing.
3 The Lord endures, who has on high
His Righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial *Juſtice* to diſpenſe,
To Puniſh or Reward.
4 His *Kindneſs* is a ſure *Defence*
Againſt oppoſing Rage;
As *Troubles* riſe his needful *Aids*
In our behalf engage.
5 His *injur'd Saints*, when moſt diſtreſt,
He ne'er forgets to Aid;

Their

Their Expectation ſhall be crown'd,
Though for a Time delay'd.

6 All thoſe, who have his *Goodneſs* prov'd,
Will in his *Truth* confide;
Whoſe *Mercy* ne'er forſook the Man,
That on his Help rely'd.

7 No ſingle *Sinner* ſhall eſcape,
By privacy obſcur'd;
Nor Nations from his juſt Revenge,
By Numbers, be ſecur'd.

8 Thus, by the juſt Returns he makes,
The Mighty Lord is known,
While Wicked Men, by their own Plots,
Are ſhamefully o'erthrown.

9 Sing *Praiſes* therefore to the Lord
From *Sion*, his abode;
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
Confeſs no other God.

HYMN XXIII.

1 THE Lord has both a Temple here,
And Righteous Throne above,
Whence he ſurveys the Sons of Men,
And how their Counſels move.

2 *Salvation* to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend;
His Bleſſing He extends to all
That on his Pow'r depend.

3 To *Righteous Men*, the Righteous Lord
His *Bleſſing* will extend;
And with his Favour from their Foes,
As with a Shield, defend.

4 If God the Righteous, whom he loves,
For tryal doth afflict;
What muſt the *Sons of Violence*,
Whom he abhors, expect?
5 The *Word of God* ſhall ſtill abide,
And void of Falſhood be,
As is the Silver ſeven times try'd,
From droſſy mixture free.
6 The *Promiſe* of his aiding Grace
Shall reach his purpos'd End;
His Servants from this faithleſs Race
He ever ſhall defend.
7 Then ſhall *the Wicked* be perplex'd,
Nor know which way to fly;
When thoſe whom they deſpis'd and vex'd
Shall be advanced high.
8 Nothing, I know, can lie conceal'd
From his *All-ſeeing* Eye;
And my firm Hope has never fail'd,
Becauſe He ſtill is nigh.
9 Therefore my Soul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
Whoſe Word's my Guide and Light;
Who *ſecret Counſel* does afford
In dark Affliction's Night.
10 Therefore of *Providence* Divine
The Juſtice I'll proclaim,
I'll ſing the Praiſe of God moſt High,
And celebrate his Name.

HYMN XXIV.

1 OH God! my God, Thou always art;
For Thee, betimes, I ſeeking pant,
With longing Soul, and thirſting Heart,
Ev'n as the Land, which Rain doth want.

2 Yea,

2 Yea, Lord, my Soul doth long full ſore,
Thy Power and Glory to behold,
As I have ſeen them heretofore,
Ev'n in thy Holy Place of old.

3 For why! thy *Love* doth Life ſurpaſs;
And I therefore will ſing thy Praiſe:
Thy Name I'll all my Life-time bleſs,
And unto Thee my Hands I'll raiſe.

4 For when I mind Thee on my Bed,
And muſe upon Thee in the Night,
It fills me, as with Marrow fed;
And I with Joy thy Praiſe recite.

5 Oh Lord of Hoſts! How pleaſant are
Thy *Dwellings*, and thy *Courts*, to me?
In Soul and Fleſh, for Entrance there,
Eternal God, my Longings be.

6 Right Bleſſed, all thy Houſhold be,
For they are ſinging ſtill thy Praiſe:
And Bleſſed are the Strong in Thee,
Who in their Hearts affect thy ways.

7 As through the Vale of Tears they go,
They find ſweet Springs of Comforts there;
And they from Strength to Strength ſhall grow,
Till they, with God, in *Sion* are.

8 For in thy *Houſe* one Day is more,
Than thouſands any other where;
And I had rather keep thy *Door*,
Than live in Pomp where Sinners are.

9 For, as the Sun, Thou ſhineſt bright,
And we from Thee our Light receive:
Thou art the Shield of Men upright,
And Thou doſt Grace and Glories give.

10 From ſuch as walk the Righteous way,
No needful things with-held ſhall be;
For ever Bleſt therefore are they,
Who truſt (O Lord of Hoſts) in Thee.

HYMN XXV.

1 GREAT God, we oft have heard our Fathers tell
The mighty *Works* which Thou of old haſt done,
When to make room for them, where they might dwell,
The Natives by thy Hand were overthrown.
2 'Twas not their Bow or Sword which forc'd their way,
Nor the weak Aids their helpleſs Arms could bring;
But Thou, whoſe Word the Sacred Hoſts obey,
With certain *Victory did'ſt lead them in.*
3 Thy Light and Favour was their *Guide* and *Arms*,
And when they fought 'twas Thou *gav'ſt Victory*;
Thou put'ſt their Enemies to Flight and Shame:
And thy Great Praiſe we'll ever raiſe on high.
4 May'ſt Thou again do thus, who art our King,
And *new Deliverance* for us command.
Thou only canſt ſuch great Salvation bring,
As may again *heal and reſtore* our Land.
5 Awake, Why ſleep'ſt Thou? Lord, awake and riſe!
And turn not Us, nor thy bright Face away;
Let our *Diſtreſs* find Pity in thine Eyes:
Behold, we proſtrate! for thy Succour pray.
6 Lord, cauſe thy Face, for thy Loves ſake, to ſhine,
And for Our Help ariſe, who ſtill are Thine.
Lord, cauſe thy Face, for thy Loves ſake, to ſhine,
And for Our Help ariſe, who ſtill are Thine.

HYMN XXVI.

1 AT all times with my *Tongue* I'll bleſs the Lord;
To ſing of Him I never will forbear;
But in my Soul his *Praiſe* with Mirth record,
And publiſh what the Meek ſhall joy to hear.

2 Come,

2 Come, therefore help his Praiſes to declare;
To magnifie his Name let us agree:
Diſcharg'd I was by Him of all my Fear;
And when his Aid I ſought, He aided me.
3 Enlightned are the Eyes that look on Him,
And no Diſgrace or Shame, on thoſe can fall:
For He in all their Troubles helpeth them,
And hears the Poor when he on Him doth call.
4 God's Angel-guards, round thoſe that fear Him, be
Encamped ſtill to keep them from their Foes.
His *Greatneſs* and his *Goodneſs* taſt and ſee;
For all are Bleſt who Truſt in Him repoſe.
5 In Him let all his Saints confine their Fear;
For Poverty from ſuch reſtrained is.
Kept Hungry oft the Whelps of Lyons are;
But they who *fear the Lord* no Goodneſs miſs.
6 Plac'd are God's Eyes upon the Righteous Race;
He to their Cries an open Ear doth lay:
Quite oppoſite to Sinners is his Face,
And from the Land he roots their Name away.
7 Right willingly the Lord inclines his Ear
To hear, and ſave the Righteous when they cry.
Sin-wounded Souls, and Hearts that broken are,
He never ſhuns; but unto ſuch is nigh.
8 Though many Griefs upon the Godly fall,
The Lord will ev'ry one of them remove:
Unbroke ev'n all his Bones preſerve he ſhall;
But Sin the Death of ſinful Men ſhall prove.
9 Whoſo doth hate the Juſt, ſhall hated be;
For God his Faithful Servants will redeem;
Yea, all their Souls from Thrall he ſetteth free,
And leaveth none that put their Truſt in Him.

HYMN XXVII.

1 SOle Monarch of the World, Prince of all Powers,
Bleſt Fountain of *all* Beings, glorious King,
Who *ever* can enough thy *Praiſes* ſing,
Who art the World's great Lord, as well as Ours?
Fondly by Verſe we ſtrive thy Name to raiſe,
When it is *far* above our higheſt Praiſe.

2 Thou and thy Name alike are Excellent,
And though we ſomething *think we* ſee below,
How little, *little* is't we truly know
Of all thy Glory above the Firmament?
Heavens of Heav'ns a mean extent would be,
And low as Hell in height compar'd to Thee.

3 Great as Thou art, yet ſometimes doſt Thou love
More *and more* Trophies for Thy ſelf to raiſe,
Let'ſt *little Babes*, and Infants ſpeak thy Praiſe,
And do below what Angels do above:
Open'ſt their Mouths, when Thou wilt check the Pride
Of ſuch, who open theirs, but to deride.

4 When I my ſerious Thoughts do entertain
With thoſe great Works thy *pow'rful* Hand has done,
The *Heavens high*, and in thoſe Heav'ns the Moon,
Whom Thou haſt made o'er all the Stars to reign,
More glorious in Attendants, though leſs bright
Than he, who ſerves the Day, and *by* her Night,

5 Lord, what is *Man*, then to my ſelf, I ſay,
Or, what is Man's *ſhort liv'd* Poſterity,
That he *by Thee* thus viſited ſhould be,
Be made to rule, when ſuch great things obey,
Now little lower than bleſt Angels made?
At laſt their Glory to his Honor laid?

6 For King of all thy Works, with Thine own Hand,
Thou on his Head haſt ſet *th' imperial* Crown,
Enjoyning all *in Him thy* Power to own,
And their fixt Laws receive from his Command.
Creatures, which at his Feet the Yoke now bear,
Would have *roſe* higher, *but* by Thee plac'd there.
7 They are his *Servants*, and Obedience ſhow,
All in their *ſev'ral* Offices attend,
And all their Lives *upon* his Service ſpend,
And count their Honor for his uſe to grow:
All that the Sea inhabit, or the Sky,
And Earth, *all at* his Pleaſure live or die.
8 Sole Monarch of the World, Prince of all Powers,
Bleſt Fountain of *all* Beings, glorious King,
Who *ever* can enough thy *Praiſes* ſing,
Who art the World's great Lord, as well as Ours?
Fondly by Verſe we ſtrive thy Name to raiſe,
When it is *far* above our higheſt Praiſe.

HYMN XXVIII.

1 YE Righteous in the Lord rejoyce,
For *Praiſe* doth Godly Men become:
Praiſe *Him* with *Inſtruments* and Voice,
And ſing unto Him a New Song.
To Him New Ditties ſing and play;
And ſet them to the *higheſt* Key.
2 For God is *Righteous* in his Word,
His Actions full of *Truth* appear:
His Bounty all the World hath ſtor'd:
His Darlings, *Truth* and *Juſtice* are.
The *Heav'ns* were form'd when he but ſpake
His *Breath* did all their Armies make.

3 The *Seas* hugh Waves aloft he rear'd,
The Deeps, as up in Store, he laid:
Oh! let Him through the World be fear'd,
And make Earths Dwellers all afraid:
For his Commandings are fulfill'd,
And all is done as he hath will'd.

4 God makes the *Gentiles Projects* vain,
And brings the Peoples Plots to nought;
But his *Decrees* for ay remain,
And Everlasting is his Thought.
Most surely blest therefore are those,
Whom for His own the Lord hath chose.

5 For God from Heaven doth cast his Eye,
The Sons of Men to view and know:
Yea, from his Dwelling-place on high,
He marketh all on Earth below:
Their Hearts alike he shapeth to,
And heeds ev'n ev'ry work they do.

6 Great Armies cannot save a King,
No strong Man's Power his Life preserves,
The strength of Horse vain Succours bring;
But those who fear Him, God observes;
And whosoe'er on Him depends,
From Dearth and Death he them defends.

7 Our Soul upon the Lord shall wait,
Who hath our Shield and Shelter been;
And he shall be our Hearts delight;
Because his Name we trusted in,
Oh! let us, Lord, still succour'd be,
As we repose our Trust in Thee.

Doxol. *All Glory be to God above;*
To God, by whom all things were done;
To our Redeemer, God the Son,
And God, the Holy Spirit of Love:
As was when Time's first Hours wheel'd on,
And shall be when their Circle's done.

6 For King of all thy Works, with Thine own Hand,
Thou on his Head haſt ſet *th' imperial* Crown,
Enjoyning all *in Him thy* Power to own,
And their fixt Laws receive from his Command.
Creatures, which at his Feet the Yoke now bear,
Would have *roſe* higher, *but* by Thee plac'd there.

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All in their *ſev'ral* Offices attend,
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And count their Honor for his uſe to grow:
All that the Sea inhabit, or the Sky,
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Who hath our Shield and Shelter been;
And he shall be our Hearts delight;
Because his Name we trusted in,
Oh! let us, Lord, still succour'd be,
As we repose our Trust in Thee.

Dorol. *All Glory be to God above;*
To God, by whom all things were done;
To our Redeemer, God the Son,
And God, the Holy Spirit of Love:
As was when Time's first Hours wheel'd on,
And shall be when their Circle's done.

HYMN XXIX.

1 THOU, who art enthron'd above;
Thou, by whom we live and move;
O how ſweet, how excellent
Is't with Tongue and Hearts Conſent,
Thankful Hearts, and Joyful Tongues,
To renown thy Name in Songs.

2 When the *Morning* paints the Skies,
When the *ſparkling Stars* ariſe
Thy high *Favours* to rehearſe,
Thy firm *Faith* in grateful Verſe.
Lord, thou art moſt *Great*, moſt *High*,
Such from all *Eternity*.

3 From thy *Works* my Joy proceeds,
How I triumph in thy Deeds!
Who thy *Wonders* can expreſs!
All thy *Thoughts* are fathomleſs;
Hid from Men in Knowledge blind,
Hid from Fools to Vice inclin'd.

4 Who that Tyrant, *Sin*, obey,
Though they ſpring like Flowers in *May*,
Parch'd with Heat, and nipt with Froſt,
Soon ſhall fade, for ever loſt.
All who in their *Sins* delight,
Shall be ſcatter'd by thy Might.

5 But the *Juſt*, like Palms, ſhall flouriſh,
Which the Plains of *Judah* nouriſh;
Plants ſet in they Court below
Spread their Roots, and upward grow;
Fruit in their Old Age ſhall bring,
Ever freſh and flouriſhing.
This God's Juſtice celebrates,
He, my Rock, Injuſtice hates.

HYMN XXX.

1 THanks to the Lord to pay is meet;
Thy Name, moſt High, to ſing moſt ſweet;
Thy Goodneſs in the Morn expreſs,
And every Night thy Faithfulneſs,
On *Inſtrument* with ten-ſtrings tun'd,
On *Pſaltery* with *Harps* grave ſound.
2 For Thou, O Lord, haſt with thy Facts
Me joy'd: I'll triumph in thy Acts.
O Lord thy *Works*, how very great!
Thy *Cogitations*, O! how deep!
A *Brutiſh Man* doth not believe;
Nor doth a Fool theſe things conceive.
3 When wicked Men, as Graſs, do ſpring,
And fill their Cup up to the brim,
'Tis that they ſhall for ever die;
But Thou art Lord for ever High:
Thine Enemies, Lord, periſh ſhall,
Ill Agents be diſperſed all.
4 But Thou my horn of Glory wilt,
Like to the Unicorns, exalt:
With fragrant Oyntment I ſhall be
Anointed to a high degree:
Mine Ears ſhall hear, mine Eyes ſhall ſee
The Downfall of mine Enemies
5 The *Righteous*, like the Palm-Tre, ſhall
Flouriſh, and like the Cedar tall
On lofty *Libanus*, that ſpreads
The comely Branches of its head,
Be'ng planted in the Houſe of God
Flouriſh, and ſpread their Sprouts abroad.

HYMN XXIX.

1 THOU, who art enthron'd above;
Thou, by whom we live and move;
O how ſweet, how excellent
Is't with Tongue and Hearts Conſent,
Thankful Hearts, and Joyful Tongues,
To renown thy Name in Songs.

2 When the *Morning* paints the Skies,
When the *ſparkling Stars* ariſe
Thy high *Favours* to rehearſe,
Thy firm *Faith* in grateful Verſe.
Lord, thou art moſt *Great*, moſt *High*,
Such from all *Eternity*.

3 From thy *Works* my Joy proceeds,
How I triumph in thy Deeds!
Who thy *Wonders* can expreſs!
All thy *Thoughts* are fathomleſs;
Hid from Men in Knowledge blind,
Hid from Fools to Vice inclin'd.

4 Who that Tyrant, *Sin*, obey,
Though they ſpring like Flowers in *May*,
Parch'd with Heat, and nipt with Froſt,
Soon ſhall fade, for ever loſt.
All who in their *Sins* delight,
Shall be ſcatter'd by thy Might.

5 But the *Juſt*, like Palms, ſhall flouriſh,
Which the Plains of *Judah* nouriſh;
Plants ſet in they Court below
Spread their Roots, and upward grow;
Fruit in their Old Age ſhall bring,
Ever freſh and flouriſhing.
This God's Juſtice celebrates,
He, my Rock, Injuſtice hates.

HYMN XXX.

1 THanks to the Lord to pay is meet;
Thy Name, moſt High, to ſing moſt ſweet;
Thy Goodneſs in the Morn expreſs,
And every Night thy Faithfulneſs,
On *Inſtrument* with ten-ſtrings tun'd,
On *Pſaltery* with *Harps* grave ſound.
2 For Thou, O Lord, haſt with thy Facts
Me joy'd: I'll triumph in thy Acts.
O Lord thy *Works*, how very great!
Thy *Cogitations*, O! how deep!
A *Brutiſh Man* doth not believe;
Nor doth a Fool theſe things conceive.
3 When wicked Men, as Graſs, do ſpring,
And fill their Cup up to the brim,
'Tis that they ſhall for ever die;
But Thou art Lord for ever High:
Thine Enemies, Lord, periſh ſhall,
Ill Agents be diſperſed all.
4 But Thou my horn of Glory wilt,
Like to the Unicorns, exalt:
With fragrant Oyntment I ſhall be
Anointed to a high degree:
Mine Ears ſhall hear, mine Eyes ſhall ſee
The Downfall of mine Enemies
5 The *Righteous*, like the Palm-Tre, ſhall
Flouriſh, and like the Cedar tall
On lofty *Libanus*, that ſpreads
The comely Branches of its head,
Be'ng planted in the Houſe of God
Flouriſh, and ſpread their Sprouts abroad.

6 Ev'n in Old Age they ſhall be ſtrong
And lively, and in Vigor young,
And ſhall continue Fruit to bear,
Jehovahs Faithfulneſs declare,
That He, my Rock, moſt Upright is,
And in Him's no Unrighteouſneſs.

HYMN XXXI.

MY Soul, praiſe thou the Lord,
As long as thou haſt Breath;
In *Song* his Praiſe record,
And honor Him till Death.
No Credit place
In Earthly *Kings*, or ſuch vain things
As Humane Race.

2 Breath fails, and Duſt they be;
One Day their Pomp deſtroys:
Right bleſt therefore is he
That *Jacob*'s God enjoys;
And hopes in Him,
Who framed theſe, Heav'n, Earth, and Seas,
And all in them.

3 Ev'n Beaſts and Ravens young,
He feedeth when they call:
In Horſe, or Foot-men ſtrong,
He joyeth nought at all.
God loves all them,
Who in his *Grace* their Hopes do place,
And honor Him.

4 The

4 The *Contrite Heart* he heals,
He cures their Bruiſes all.
The Stars he alſo tells,
And them by Name can call.
This Lord of our,
In wiſe *Fore-ſight*, is infinite,
And great in *Pow'r*.

5 The Lord the *Meek* doth raiſe,
The Proud he brings to ground:
O therefore ſing his Praiſe,
Let Harps his Praiſe reſound.
He Clouds doth bring,
And Showers diſtils, which on the Hills,
Makes Graſs to ſpring.

6 For God is *Faithful* ſtill,
Men wrong'd aſſiſt will He:
The *Hungry* he doth fill,
And ſets the *Priſ'ner* free.
He Sight beſtows,
Loves Men Upright, and maketh ſtreight
What Crooked grows.

7 The *Stranger* he receives,
To *Orphans* help imparts,
The *Widow* he relieves,
And Sinners Paths ſubverts.
The Lord therefore,
O *Sion*, ſhall be King of all
For evermore.

8 O let God's *Name* be prais'd
Above both Earth and Sky;
For He his Saints hath rais'd,
And ſet their Horn on high:
Yea, they that are
Of *Iſr'el*'s Race, are in his Grace,
And ever dear.

HYMN XXXIII.

1 TO the God, whom we adore,
Sing a Song unſung before:
His Immortal *Praiſe* rehearſe
Where his Holy Saints converſe.
2 *Iſrael*, O thou his Choice,
In thy Maker's Praiſe rejoyce;
Sion's Sons rejoyce and ſing
To the Honor of your King.
3 God, in *Goodneſs* infinite,
In *his People* takes Delight;
He with Safety will adorn
Thoſe, whom Men afflict with Scorn:
4 He will His to Honor raiſe:
Let his Saints reſound his Praiſe;
Praiſe *his Name* with one Conſent,
O how Great! how Excellent!
5 Highly praiſe the Living Lord,
Arm'd with *His* two-edged Sword,
All the Heathen to confound,
And *their Forces* bordering round,
6 That they, in Divine purſuit,
May his *Judgments* execute;
As 'tis writ, ſuch Honor ſhall
Unto all his Saints befall.
7 God his People will increaſe,
Arm with Strength, and Bleſs with Peace.
Lord, a-loft thy Triumphs raiſe,
While we ſing thy *Power* and *Praiſe*.

HYMN XXXIII.

1 MY Soul applaud our Glorious King;
Before the Gods his *Praiſes* ſing:
His *Mercy*, an Eternal Spring.
2 For this, on Conſecrated Ground
Will I adore; thy *Truth* reſound,
Thy *Word* above all Names renown'd.
3 All thoſe, who awful *Scepters* bear,
When they of thy Performance hear
Shall worſhip Thee with reverent Fear.
4 They ſhall his *Truth* and *Mercy* praiſe,
Who all the World with Juſtice ſways;
Whoſe *Wonders* Adoration raiſe.
5 Although inthron'd above the Skies,
He on *the Lowly* caſts his Eyes;
But doth the Inſolent deſpiſe.
6 GOD is our *Refuge*, our ſtrong Tow'r,
Securing by his Mighty Power,
When *Dangers* threaten to devour.
7 Though Storms of *Troubles* me incloſe,
Yet Thou ſhalt ſave me from my *Foes*,
And raiſe me in their Overthrows.
8 For God his *Promiſe* will effect,
The Faithful faithfully protect,
Nor ever his own Choice reject.
9 *Joy* they with an exalted Voice,
That truſt in Thee, who guard'ſt their Choice:
Let thoſe who love thy Name rejoyce.
10 Thy *Bleſſings* ſhall in Show'rs deſcend,
Thy *Favour*, as a Shield, defend
All thoſe who Righteouſneſs intend.

11 O Thou, my ſtrong Deliverance,
Thy People, thine Inheritance,
Bleſs, Feed, Preſerve, and ſtill advance.
12 Who love thy Name with *Joy* inveſt;
Let them in ſhades of Safety *reſt*,
And ever ſay, *The Lord be bleſt.*
13 His Great *Deliverance* ſhall dwell
In my Remembrance; I will tell
What in our Fathers days befell.
14 *Counſels* from our reach are ſet,
Hid in his Sacred Cabinet;
What God like Ours! ſo Good! ſo Great!
15 Who Wonders can effect alone;
His Peoples Great Redemption,
To *all True Iſraelites* well known.
16 The Lord of Hoſts is on our ſide,
The God by *Iſrael* magnify'd
Our *Strength*, on whom we have rely'd.

HYMN XXXIV.

1 THe Lord, my Strength, be only prais'd;
The Lord, who hath my Courage rais'd;
In doubtful Battle given me Might,
And skill how to direct, and fight.
My Fautor, Fortreſs, high-built Tower;
My Rock, Redeemer, Shield and Power.
2 Jehovah praiſe with one Conſent.
How comely! ſweet! how excellent,
To ſing our great Creator's praiſe,
Whoſe Hands our ruin'd State do raiſe.
He cures the *Sorrows* of our Minds,
Our Wounds imbalms, and ſoftly binds.

3 *Great*

3 *Great* is our God, and great in *Might*;
His *Knowledge*, O most infinite!
The Humble unto Thrones erects;
The Insolent to Earth dejects.
Present your *Thanks* to our great King;
On solemn Harps his Praises sing.
4 Lord, What is *Man*, or his frail Race,
That thou should'st such a Vapour grace!
Man nothing is but Vanity;
A Shadow swiftly gliding by.
O happy, O thrice happy they,
Who for their God the Lord obey!

HYMN XXXV.

1 PRaise our good God, that *King* of Kings;
From whom Eternal Mercy springs.
Let *Israel*, let *Aaron*'s Race,
Let all that flourish in his Grace
Confess, that from the *King* of Kings
Eternity of *Mercy* springs.
2 He in my Trouble heard my *Prayers*,
And freed me from their deadly Snares:
He fights my Battles; then how can
I fear the Power of feeble Man?
Assists my Friends; my Enemies
Shall *fall down slain before* mine Eyes.
3 Far better to have Confidence
In God, than trust to Man's Defence:
On Him much safer to rely,
Than on the Strength of Monarchy.
He is my *Strength*; his Praise my Song:
By Him preserv'd from powerful Wrong.

4 He with his own Right-hand hath fought;
His own Right-hand hath *Wonders* wrought.
I shall not die, but live to praise
The Lord, who hath prolong'd my Days.
He with his Scourge my Sin corrects;
Yet from the Darts of Death protects.
5 His *Praise* with *Hymns* immortalize!
My SAVIOUR, who hath heard my Cries.
That Stone the Builders from them cast,
Is highest on the Corner plac't.
God hath reveal'd these Mysteries,
So full of Wonder to our Eyes.
6 This is his Day; a Day of Joy;
Of Everlasting Memory.
Thou art my God; my Songs shall praise,
And to the Stars thy Glory raise.
Praise our good God, *The King of Kings*;
From whom Eternal Mercy springs.

HYMN XXXVI.

1 THus God unto his Servant *David* swore;
This Cov'nant made, I will for evermore
Thy *Seed* establish, and thy *Throne* sustain;
Whilst Seas shall flow, and Moons increase and wain.
2 He in his oft renew'd Devotions shall
Me *Father*, *God*, and great *Protector* call:
His *Seed* shall always reign, his *Throne* shall last
While Days have Light, and Nights their Shadow cast.
3 My *Favorite* he shall be, and my first Birth;
Rais'd above all the Princes of the Earth.
He shall from Sea to Sea inlarge *his Reign*;
From swift *Euphrates* to the farthest Main.

4 The

4 The wild Inhabitants, that live by Prey
In ſcorched Deſerts, ſhall his Rule obey.
All Kings ſhall *Homage* to this King afford;
All Nations ſhall receive Him for their Lord.
5 He ſhall with *Equity* thy People ſway,
And Judgment in the Scales of Juſtice weigh.
He ſhall the *Poor* from Violence protect;
Exalt the *Humble*, and the *Proud* deject.
6 He ſhall th' *Oppreſſed* hear, the *Poor* defend;
The *Needy* ſave, and ſuch as have no Friend:
Redeem their Souls from Fraud, and Violence;
And ſhall with Blood revenge their Bloods expenſe.
7 His *Name* ſhall laſt to all Eternity;
Even while the Sun illuminates the Sky.
All Nations ſhall in Him be bleſt: Him all
The habitable Earth ſhall *Bleſſed* call.
8 O *Praiſed* be our God! that King of kings,
Who only can accompliſh wondrous things!
For ever celebrate his glorious Name,
And fill the World with his Illuſtrious Fame.

HYMN XXXVII.

1 THe Lord is King, and he doth make
Betwixt the Cherubims his Throne:
Ye People fear, ye Kingdoms quake;
For great in *Sion* he is grown.
2 O'er Nations all Himſelf he rais'd:
His Name is fear'd, and Holy too.
O let this Powerful King be prais'd,
For He uprightly loves to do.

3 What

3 What moves the *Gentiles* to repine?
What makes the People fooliſh grow?
That Earthly Kings do thus combine,
And Rulers meet in Council ſo?
4 The Lord, and his beloved Chriſt,
Rebelliouſly they diſobey:
His Power (ſay theſe) let us reſiſt
And break, and caſt their Cords away.
5 But God, who ſits in Heaven above,
Their fooliſh purpoſe will deride:
His Anger ſhall their Torment prove,
And them, in Wrath, he then ſhall chide.
6 Then Kings be wiſe, and Rulers learn
To ſerve the Lord with awful Joy:
Yea, kiſs the Son, leſt Wroth he turn,
And overthrow you in your way.
7 For when his Wrath inflamed grows,
(Though but a little mov'd he ſeem)
Then Bleſt are all who ſhall repoſe
Their conſtant Hopes, and Faith in Him.
8 His Power delights in Righteous ways;
With *Jacob* he will juſtly deal.
The Lord our God O therefore praiſe,
And at his holy Footſtool kneel.
9 Therefore to celebrate his Fame,
Our grateful Voice to Heav'n we'll raiſe,
And Nations Strangers to his Name
Shall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe.
10 God to his King Victory ſends,
Shews his Anointed's ſignal Grace:
His Favour evermore extends
To *David*, and his promis'd Race.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVIII.

1 WE'll never ceaſe to *thank* our God
For his *preſerving Care:*
For that thy pow'rful Help is near,
Thy wondrous Works declare.
2 Thus ſpake *the Lord* unto *his Son*,
Sit thou on my Right-hand;
Till all thy Foes ſhall crouch, and wait
Their Doom, at thy Command.
3 From *Sion* ſhall thy Word go forth;
This Scepter thou ſhalt ſway:
Under thy Rule ſhall Rebels come,
And willingly obey.
4 Thy Conqueſts ſhall be great that Day;
The Converts thou ſhalt view;
Shall make an Army that exceeds
The Drops of Morning Dew.
5 The Lord hath all his Truth engag'd
By an *Oath* he cannot break;
Thou'rt ever Prieſt of th'Order made
Of great *Melchizedeck.*
6 And when he's raiſed to *his Throne*,
Kings that oppoſe his Reign
Shall fall; and all the Heathen World
That will not ſtoop, be ſlain.
7 What good Men long ſo much to ſee,
When ſettled in *my Throne*,
Diſorders then ſhall be reform'd,
And equal Juſtice done.
8 The *Lands Confuſions* had diſſolv'd
The Peoples Hearts with Fear;

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The Peoples Hearts with Fear;

The Pillars of the Government
By me ſupported were.
9 The Fools I *caution'd* not to be
So madly inſolent;
Nor ſtifly proud, as if t' outbrave
Ev'n *Heav'n* it ſelf they meant.

HYMN XXXIX.

1 REjoyce, O thou *redeemed World!* and ſing
Triumphant Praiſe to thy *Triumphant King*;
For *God* is King, He bears Dominion
O'er all the Kings and Gods of Earth, alone.
He hath ſubdu'd the Nations under us;
Us, whom for his lov'd Heritage he choſe.
2 God, with the Trumpets ſound, *aſcends* on high,
With joyful Noiſe, and Songs of Victory.
To our aſcended God, O *Praiſes* ſing!
O *Praiſes* ſing to our Triumphant King:
For *God* o'er all the reſcu'd Earth is King,
Praiſes with Skill and Underſtanding ſing.
3 God rules the Nations, God, upon his Seat
Exalted, ever ſits; Holy and Great:
Princes ſubmit their *Scepters* to his Rod,
All made *One Iſrael*, under *Abraham*'s God:
Who elſe can ſave? What new Almighty Power?
And who can hurt, when *God*'s our SAVIOUR.
4 The Lord, the *God* of Men and Gods is come,
And ſummons all the World unto their Doom;
He on his Glorious Mount appears, and calls
The Earth, from the Sun's riſe, to where it falls:
Our God doth come, and His great Day of Doom;
With Storms and Glories circled He doth come.

5 Gather

5 Gather, ſaith he, my *Saints* to Me, all thoſe
By *Sacrifice* who Cov'nant with Me choſe.
All ye, who God forget, conſider this,
Leſt ye be plucked hence without Releaſe.
Thoſe cleanſed grateful Souls, who live Upright,
He'll free from Death, and place in endleſs Light.

HYMN XL.

1 THE Heavens declare a *God*, the extended Sky
Tell that their Maker was not leſs than He:
The Earth's the Lord's, and all that is therein,
All Things, all Creatures, and the Sons of Men:
He its Foundations on the floating Bed
O'th' Floods has ſet, and firm eſtabliſhed.
2 Who ſhall aſcend into the Holy Hill
Of God, and in his ſacred Preſence dwell?
Whoſe *Hands* and *Heart* are *clean*, who hates what's (*vain*;
Whom nor *Deceit* nor *Perjury* does ſtain:
He ſhall receive the *Bleſſing* from above,
And th' Righteous God his Doings will approve.
3 O *ye who fear the Lord*, the Lord's Name bleſs!
For he does not forſake Souls in *Diſtreſs*;
Nor hides, as unconcern'd, his Face away,
But hears, and turns, and reſcues when they *Pray*.
In ſight of all I'll pay my *Vows*; we'll raiſe
One common Cloud of *Incenſe* to thy *Praiſe*.
4 O *Praiſe* the Lord! the Poor ſhall *eat* and *live*,
Live ever, He ſhall *Bread Eternal* give.
Man ſhall remember *whence he fell*, and all
The World return, and to their Maker fall:
And God alone ſhall Monarch be, for his
Kingdom the *Univerſal World* it is.

The Pillars of the Government
By me ſupported were.
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The World return, and to their Maker fall:
And God alone ſhall Monarch be, for his
Kingdom the *Univerſal World* it is.

5 All from the *Throne* unto the *Duſt*, ſhall fall
Before his Preſence, for they're equal all;
All from their Maker took one common Breath,
To *Life* none rais'd himſelf, nor can from *Death*.
Poſterity ſhall ſerve Him, and their Race
For ever ſerve Him, beyond Time and Place.

HYMN XLI.

1 RISE, O my Soul, and Thou, my God, it raiſe;
That I by Thee inſpir'd may ſing thy Praiſe.
Soul, Praiſe the Lord, from Him thou doſt receive
Thy Being; and in Him doſt move and live:
Stir up thy ſelf; ſummon up all thy Powers,
Praiſe Him, who ev'ry Bleſſing on thee ſhowres.
2 Who all thy Sin, all thine Offence forgives,
And all thy frail Infirmities relieves:
Who ſaves thy Life, turns back Deſtruction,
And thee with Mercy does and Goodneſs crown:
Who fills thy Soul with Good, Life's waſts repairs,
Sets back thine Age, renew'd like Eagles Years.
3 He ſtays his Anger, is to Vengeance ſlow;
But boundleſs Mercies ever from Him flow:
His *Chaſtiſements* are like a Father's mild,
Who does correct, but not deſtroy his Child:
For like the Space from Earth to Heav'n above,
So great to thoſe who fear Him, is his Love.
4 The Lord in all his Doings Righteous is,
And all his Works declare his Holineſs:
The Lord to all, who call upon Him's nigh;
To all who call upon Him, and Obey:
He'll hear their Prayer, and will ſave all them
Who fear, and faithfully rely on Him.

O my dear God, How can I but praiſe Thee,
My certain Help in all Adverſity?
Thou art my Rock, my fortified Tower,
Thou art my God, and Thou my SAVIOUR.
Thou art my Shield, my Hope on Thee is laid;
Thou art my only, my Almighty Aid.

HYMN XLII.

MY Soul, and all my Faculties
Jehovah *Praiſe*; ſing till the Skies
Re-eccho his aſcending Fame:
My Soul, O celebrate his Name!
Nor ever let the memory
Of his ſurpaſſing *Favours* die.
He gently *Pardons* our Miſdeeds,
And cures the *Wounds* which inward bleeds.
Hath from the Chains of Death unbound;
With Clemency and Mercy crown'd.
With Food our Hunger he ſubdues:
And Eagle-like our Youth renews.
From Him the Springs of *Mercy* flow;
Swift to *forgive*, to Anger ſlow.
For He will not for ever chide;
Nor conſtant to his Wrath abide:
But mildly from it doth relent,
And ſhortens our due Puniſhment.
His *Juſtice* he extends to all;
Oppreſſors by his Vengeance fall.
But as the Heavens in amplitude
Exceed the Centre they include:
So ample is his *Clemency*
To all who on his Grace rely.

5 As far as the bright Orient
Is distant from the Sun's Descent;
So far he sets from his Aspect
Their Guilt, who Him with Fear affect.
And as a Father to his Child,
So soft, so quickly reconcil'd.

6 For his sure *Mercy* shall imbrace
His Saints for ever, and their Race;
His Righteousness all them up rear,
Who Righteous in his Cov'nant are;
Those who his equal Laws fulfill,
Remember and perform his Will.

7 IN Heaven the great Jehovah reigns,
And governs all that Earth contains:
You *Angels*, who in Strength exceed,
Who Him obey with winged Speed;
You ordered Hosts of radiant Stars;
And you his flaming *Ministers*;

8 All, whom his Wisdom did create,
Through his large Empire, celebrate
His glorious Name with sweet accord;
Joyn thou, my Soul, to praise the Lord.
O celebrate His glorious Name,
And thou, my Soul, O do the same.

HYMN XLIII.

1 WHo makes th' Almighty his retreat,
Shall rest beneath his shady Wings;
Free from th' Oppression of the Great,
The Rage of War, or Wrath of Kings.

2 Fre

Free from the cunning Fowlers train;
The tainted Air's infectious Breath:
His *Truth* in Perils ſhall ſuſtain,
And ſhield thee from the Stroke of Death.
No Terrors ſhall thy Sleeps affright;
Nor deadly flying Arrows ſlay:
Nor Peſtilence devour by Night,
Or Slaughter maſſacree by Day.
A Thouſand and Ten Thouſand ſhall
Sink on thy Right-hand and thy Left:
Yet thou ſecure ſhall ſee their Fall;
By Vengeance, of their Lives bereft.
They, who the Lord their Fortreſs make,
Shall like the Tow'rs of *Sion* riſe;
Which dreadful Eath-quakes never ſhake,
Nor raging Tumults of the Skies.
Lo! as the Hills of *Solyma*
Divine *Jeruſalem* encloſe:
So ſhall his Angels in the Day
Of Danger, ſhield them from their Foes.
SInce God thou haſt thy Refuge made,
And doſt to Him thy Vows direct;
No Evil ſhall thy Strength invade,
Nor waſting Plagues thy Roof infect.
Thee ſhall his Angels ſafely guide;
Upheld by winged Legions,
Leſt thou at any time ſhould'ſt ſlide,
And daſh thy Foot againſt the Stones.
Thou on the Baſilisk ſhalt tread;
The Mountain Lyon boldly meet,
And trample on the Dragon's head;
The Leopard proſtrate at thy Feet.
Since he hath fix'd his Love on Me,
Saith God, and walked in my Ways,
I will his Soul from Danger free,
And from the reach of Envy raiſe.

11 To him, I his Desires will give;
From Danger guard; in Honor place:
He long, long happily shall live,
And flourish in my saving Grace.

HYMN XLIV.

1 EXcept the Lord our Forts defend,
And to the Dwellers Safety send,
In vain are Centinels prepar'd,
Or armed Watchmen for the Guard.
2 Up to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
From whence my Help and Comfort rise.
My Safety from the Lord doth spring,
Who made the World, and every thing.
3 Thy Foot from falling he protects,
Nor slumbers He, nor thee neglects.
Behold, that Lord who *Israel* keeps,
Unweary'd is, and never sleeps.
4 God is thy Keeper, like a shade,
Which on thy Right-hand is display'd.
The Sun by Day thee shall not smite,
Nor Vapours of the Moon by Night.
5 The Lord shall thee preserve from Harm;
Thy Soul against Temptations arm.
Thy going out, and coming in,
For evermore his Care have been.
6 You vainly with the early Light
Arise, or sit up late at Night,
To find Support, and daily eat
Your *Bread* with sorrow, earn'd with sweat.

7 When

7 When God, who his Beloved keeps,
This Plenty gives, with quiet ſleeps.
Except the Lord the Houſe ſuſtain,
The Builders Labour is in vain.

HYMN XLV.

1 O Thou whoſe boundleſs Mercies ever flow,
And, as Thy ſelf, nor Term, nor Meaſure know,
Let my tranſfixed, anguiſh'd Soul now prove
The inexhauſted Bounties of thy Love.
Bathe me in that *pure Spring* that flows for th' Unſound,
Whoſe *virtuous Streams* can cleanſe & heal my *Wound*;
2 My loathſome Wound, which (Lord) I here expoſe,
And my abominated Crimes diſcloſe.
The horror of their Guilt me terrifies
In gaſtly Forms, ſtill waking to mine Eyes.
Againſt Thee, (holy God) 'gainſt Thee alone
I've ſinn'd, and in thy Sight this Evil done.
3 Should'ſt Thou condemn me, I muſt needs confeſs,
My *Doom* were juſt, and juſt thy *Righteouſneſs*.
I'th' Dawn of Life, before I ſaw the Sun,
The Seeds of *Ill* ſtain'd my Conception.
Cleanſe with *thy Blood* my Stains, and I ſhall grow
More Pure, more White, than is the falling Snow.
4 Make me to hear the long-departed Voice
Of Gladneſs, that the Bones broke may rejoyce.
From mine Offences turn away thy Face,
And all the deep and leprous Prints eraſe.
Renew my Mind, eſtrang'd to falſe deſires,
And kindle in it its fall'n primitive Fires.

5 From thy bleſs'd Preſence caſt me not away;
But guide me with thy Spirit, leſt I ſtray;
The Joys of thy Salvation reſtore,
And 'ſtabliſh me, that I may fall no more.
Then the Tranſgreſſors, who, like me, did ſtray,
Like me, ſhall turn again into the Way.
6 Then ſhall my raviſh'd Tongue aloud confeſs
Thy Mercies, and amazing Righteouſneſs.
Then ſhall my Lips an higher Anthem raiſe,
When thou Thy ſelf inſpir'ſt thy mighty Praiſe.
Then ſhall our *Sacrifice of Praiſe* to Thee,
At thy bleſt Altar, acceptable be.

HYMN XLVI.

1 HOw long wilt Thou forget me, Lord?
How long from me thy Face avert?
How long ſhall I with careful Thoughts
And daily Sorrow grieve my Heart?
How long ſhall my proud Enemy
Be thus exalted over me?
2 Conſider Lord, hear me my God:
Mine Eyes enlighten with thy Rayes,
Leſt that I ſleep in Death, and leſt
Mine Enemies his Conqueſt praiſe;
Leſt they who trouble me do joy
When their Succeſs doth me annoy.
3 But I, in thy ſure Mercy, Lord,
Have placed my firm Confidence:
My Heart in thy Salvation
Shall yet rejoyce with grateful Sence.
I'll ſing unto the Lord, for He
Will graciouſly deal with me.

HYMN XLVII.

1 INcourag'd by thy Grace,
For Mercy I intreat:
Pardon my Sins, O Lord, that are
Both numerous and great.
2 Into my youthful *Sins*
No ſtrict Inquiry make;
Thoſe early Thoughts, O Lord, forgive,
For thine own Goodneſs ſake.
3 Lord, turn a gracious Eye
To me, and *Mercy* ſhow;
Great are th' *Afflictions* I endure,
And find no Help below.
4 My *Troubles* are inlarg'd,
Lord, ſend me quick Relief;
Grant me *Forgiveneſs* of my Sins,
And then remove my Grief.
5 In all my *Troubles*, Lord,
Mine Eyes are towards Thee;
I hope thy Goodneſs, at the laſt,
From all will ſet me free.
6 Lord, ſet thy ways before
Mine Eyes in clearer Light;
And teach me always to perform
What's pleaſing in thy Sight.
7 From the ſtraight Paths of *Truth*,
Ne'er let me go aſtray:
On Thee, my SAVIOUR, I wait,
To teach and *guide* my way.
8 Lord, call to mind that *Love*
Thou diſt of Old expreſs;
How Thou haſt graciouſly reliev'd
Thy Servants in Diſtreſs.

9 Preſerve

9 Preſerve and keep my Soul
From Shame, as well as Guilt;
O never diſappoint the hopes
That I on Thee have built.

HYMN XLVIII.

1 REgard the fervent Pray'rs I make
The Hopes I have in Thee;
And, Lord, according to thy Truth
And Goodneſs, anſwer me.

2 Let not my Failings be before
Thy ſtrict Tribunal try'd;
For, Lord, if thou ſhould'ſt be ſevere,
None could be juſtify'd.

3 Lord, I can well endure, when Thou
Doſt kindly me chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce Wrath I cannot bear,
O never let it riſe.

4 *Pity* my weak Eſtate, and thoſe
Perplexities I feel,
While cruſhed by thy Hand, O let
Thy gentler Touches heal.

5 My Spirits ſink while thou *delay'ſt*
Th' aſſurance I would have;
If God ſtill frown on my Requeſts,
'Twill ſink me to the Grave.

6 This only ſerves to raiſe me up,
As I am ſinking lower;
To call to mind *thy former Works*,
And lean upon *thy Pow'r*.

7 I'll ne'er ceaſe asking till my Soul
Shall thy Refreſhments gain;

Thy

Thy *Mercy*, which I gaſp for more,
Than thirſty Ground for Rain.
8 *Revive* my fainting Soul, thy Name
And Honour to advance;
Thy Faithfulneſs will brightly ſhine
In my Deliverance.

HYMN XLIX.

1 I *Thee will love*, O Lord, my Pow'r;
Thou art my Fortreſs, Rock, & Tow'r:
My God, my Truſt, my Confidence;
My Horn of Safety, and Defence.
To God moſt prais'd I ſend my Cries,
Who ſaves me from mine Enemies.
2 When Pangs of circling *Death* prevail'd,
And *Troops of direful Foes* aſſail'd;
When compaſſed with Pains of Hell,
And Snares of Death about me fell,
To God I cry'd, diſtreſs'd and griev'd;
Who from his Temple me reliev'd.
3 *God's Way* is perfect, *his Word* try'd
Doth, as a ſhield, the Faithful hide.
Who can, like Him, a SAVIOUR be?
Or, Who a Rock to us, but He?
'Tis God that girdeth me with Might,
And keeps me in my ways upright.
4 Therefore will I, to thee, O Lord,
My *Thanks* Eternally record.
My *Praiſe* and *Vows*, devout to Thee,
Shall in thy Church performed be.
I to my Brethren will proclaim
The *Praiſes* due to thy great Name.

5 Amongſt

5 Amongſt the *Heathen* ſpeak thy Fame,
And Praiſes ſing unto thy Name.
Far as the World extends its Bound,
Religious Converts ſhall be found.
They ſhall remember, and implore;
And ev'ry Kindred Him adore.
6 For God's the Kingdom is, whoſe Sway
All Nations of the Earth obey.
The Rich, who on Earth's Fatneſs feed,
Ev'n to the Soul that dies for Need;
All from the Throne, unto the Duſt,
Before Him bow, and Worſhip muſt.
7 All theſe ſhall ſerve Him in their Seed,
And Sons to God adopted breed:
Who to Succeſſion ſhall Proclaim
His Righteouſneſs, and awful Name.
Bleſt be my Rock, who ever lives,
Exalt him who *Salvation* gives.

HYMN L.

1 LOrd, as that Hart which Water wants,
So longs my Soul for Thee:
Eternal God! ſo thirſts and pants
My Soul thy Face to ſee.
2 My Tears are Day and Night my Meat:
And when I hear them ſay,
Where is thy God? the Grief of it
Conſumes my Heart away.
3 For heretofore I went among
Thy Folk on Holy Days;
Them to thy Houſe I led along,
And there we ſung thy Praiſe.

4 My Soul, why art thou ſo oppreſt!
In me, why art ſo ſad!
Still praiſe thou God, and on Him reſt;
For he will make thee glad.
5 My Soul, O God, is faint in me,
Yet think on Thee I will;
Though *Jordan*'s Land I cannot ſee,
Nor *Hermon*'s little Hill.
6 The Deeps upon each other call,
When thy loud Storms deſcend;
And over me thy Billows fall;
But, Lord, thou Help wilt ſend.
7 For Day and Night I'll ſing and pray,
O God (my Life) to Thee:
My God, my Rock, to Thee I'll ſay,
Why thus forſak'ſt thou me?
8 Why am I ſuffered ſtill to mourn,
Afflicted by my Foes?
Where is thy God? they ſay in ſcorn;
And through my Bones it goes.
9 My Soul, why art thou ſo oppreſt?
Why art thou ſad in me?
Still praiſe thou God, and on Him reſt,
For he my God will be.

HYMN LI.

1 O Lord, now I the Favour have,
Within *thy Courts* t' appear,
Before thy Preſence I'll fall down,
And worſhip Thee with Fear.
2 In Innocence I'll waſh my Hands,
And to *thine Altar* go;
With Heart and Voice I will give Thanks,
Thy wond'rous Works I'll ſhow.

3 Then I aloud, with cheerful Voice,
Thy Goodneſs will proclaim;
And tell of all thy wond'rous Works,
To magnifie thy Name.
4 O how I love the Place, where Thou
Thy Preſence doſt afford;
And where thy Glory brightly ſhines,
To bleſs and praiſe the Lord.
5 I'll *come* into *thine Houſe*, O Lord,
And thankful *Offerings* lay
Before thine Altar, and the Vows
I made in Trouble pay,
6 To honour Thee, from whom all Good
Does come, I'll ſpare no Coſt;
I'll offer what Thou doſt require,
And what will pleaſe Thee moſt.

HYMN LII.

1 THE Lord to thy Requeſt attend,
And hear thee in Diſtreſs;
The Name of *Jacob*'s God defend,
And grant thy Arms Succeſs.
2 To aid thee from on high repair,
And Strength to *Sion* give;
Remember all thy *Offerings* there,
Thy Sacrifice receive.
3 To compaſs thy own Heart's deſire
Thy Counſels ſtill direct;
Make kindly all Events conſpire
To bring them to effect.
4 To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid
We'll cheerfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name diſplay'd;
The Lord accept thy Pray'r.

HYMN LIII.

1 THe Lord at need vouchſafe thee Grace,
Let *Jacob*'s God thy Cauſe defend,
Protect thee from his Holy Place.
And Strength to thee from *Sion* ſend.
2 Thy Gifts let Him remember ſtill,
Let Him accept thy Sacrifice,
Thy Heart's requeſt let Him fulfill,
And proſper all thou ſhalt deviſe.
3 We will rejoyce thy Peace to ſee,
And in God's Name our Enſigns wave,
When all thy Suits are granted thee:
For God (I know) his Chriſt will ſave.
4 By his Right-hand's Almighty Force,
God hears us from his Holy Hill.
Some truſt in Chariots, or in Horſe,
But we God's Name remember ſtill.
5 In that regard we raiſed are,
And ſtand upright when they do fall.
Oh! let the King our Prayers hear,
And ſave us, Lord, when we do call.

HYMN LIV.

1 THe God of *Love* my Shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed.
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need!
2 He leads me to the tender Graſs,
Where I both feed and reſt;
Then to the Streams that gently paſs;
In both I have the beſt.

3 Or

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Thy Goodneſs will proclaim;
And tell of all thy wond'rous Works,
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What can I want or need!
2 He leads me to the tender Graſs,
Where I both feed and reſt;
Then to the Streams that gently paſs;
In both I have the beſt.

3 Or if I ſtray, he doth convert,
And bring my Mind in frame:
And all this not for my Deſert,
But for his Holy Name.
4 Yea, in Death's ſhady black abode,
Well [illegible] not fear:
For [illegible]e, and thy Rod
To guide, [illegible]ff to bear.
5 Nay, Thou [illegible]ake me ſit and dine,
Ev'n in my Enemies Sight:
My Head with Oyl, my Cup with Wine,
Runs over Day and Night.
6 Surely thy ſweet and wondrous Love
Shall meaſure all my Days:
And as it never ſhall remove,
So neither ſhall my Praiſe.

HYMN LV.

1 SEE, Breth'ren, ſee, how ſweet a Bl[illegible]
It is our Lives in Love to lead:
It like that precious Oyntment is,
Which once anointed *Aaron*'s Head,
And on his Beard from thence did flow,
Ev'n to his Garment skirts below.
2 It like refreſhing Dew doth prove,
Which down on *Hermon*'s top diſtills;
Ev'n like the Dew, which from above
Deſcendeth down on *Sion* Hills.
For there God promis'd, heretofore,
To bleſs with *Life*, for evermore.

3 Or if I ſtray, he doth convert,
And bring my Mind in frame:
And all this not for my Deſert,
But for his Holy Name.

4 Yea, in Death's ſhady black abode,
Well may I walk, not fear:
For Thou art with me, and thy Rod
To guide, thy Staff to bear.

5 Nay, Thou doſt make me ſit and dine,
Ev'n in my Enemies Sight:
My Head with Oyl, my Cup with Wine,
Runs over Day and Night.

6 Surely thy ſweet and wondrous Love
Shall meaſure all my Days:
And as it never ſhall remove,
So neither ſhall my Praiſe.

HYMN LV.

1 SEE, Breth'ren, ſee, how ſweet a Bliſs
It is our Lives in Love to lead:
It like that precious Oyntment is,
Which once anointed *Aaron*'s Head,
And on his Beard from thence did flow,
Ev'n to his Garment skirts below.

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